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## THE GITANA.

Expressly translated for the FAVORITE from the French of Xavier de Montepin.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—

(Continued.)

"Ah, Mademoiselle," cried Lemonnier, "you are right! The son is indeed worthy of his father. And Mr. Philip Le Vaillant is a chip of the old block, a man such as has never been seen before and will never be seen again."

"Oh, that I were rich!" said the dying man to himself once more. "Not one, but two, thousand livres would I give this worthy man, who can so well appreciate my old comrade."

Then he added aloud, addressing the captain:

"Did Philip entrust you with nothing else for me but the message I received a fortnight ago?"

"Pardon me, Senor Don José, he bid me place myself and the vessel I command entirely at your service. I was to take my orders solely from you as though you were my owner, and I shall be only too happy to do so. Mr. Le Vaillant also informed me that I would have the honor of conveying you to France, where you are anxiously expected and will be right heartily received."

"My child," said Don José to Annunziata, "leave us together for a minute. I will call you back immediately. Kiss me, child, before you go."

The young girl pressed her lips to her father's forehead and left the room.

"Come nearer the bed, captain," said Don José when the door was closed, "No one but you must hear what I have to say."

Lemonnier did as he was told, though not a little surprised at what seemed an unnecessary precaution. Don José continued in a low but perfectly distinct tone:

"Give me your closest attention, for the requests I am about to make to you are as solemn and as sacred as the last words and wishes of a dying man."

The captain bowed, still lost in amazement.

"Before the end of the week you will weigh anchor and sail for Havre."

"With you, senor?"

"With my daughter, whom I confide to your Frenchman's honor, and your sailor's loyalty."

"What, senor! Do I understand that you will not accompany your daughter?"

"I shall be already gone," said the old man with a smile.

"To France?"

"No. On a longer journey than that. A journey from which there is no return."

The captain opened his eyes in astonishment.

"A journey from which there is no return!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, the journey to the other world. Do you not understand? In two days, mayhap in two hours, but in any case before the time I have fixed for your departure I shall be dead."

"Dead! Impossible!"

"I must beg you, captain, not to speak so. Only two persons in the world know that I am doomed—Philip Le Vaillant and yourself. Be-

"QUIRINO SEIZED MORALES BY THE COLLAR AND DRAGGED HIM FROM THE VOLANTE."

fore long a third person will have learnt this terrible secret—my daughter. The rest of the world will only learn it when they hear of my death. But let us drop the subject and return to the request I have to make. Are you married, captain?"

"Yes, senor. And what is more, I too have a daughter."

"In that case I have only one thing to ask of you. Take care of my child as you would of your own."

The captain's eyes filled with tears, and he put out his hand without saying a word. Don José understood the silent promise. In a few moments he continued.

"Philip Le Vaillant, you say, bid you place your vessel at my disposal?"

"Yes, senor."

"Then I will make use of the authority he has conferred upon me by requesting you to take no other passengers besides my daughter. I wish to spare my poor child any painful association. I wish her to forget her grief as soon as possible."

"I will religiously carry out your wishes, senor."

"One exception however, I make."

"In favor of whom?"

"In favor of a young French gentleman, whose name I beg you will not forget; the Che-

valier Tancred de Najac. This gentleman is an officer of the frigate "Thunderer," and he lodges with another Frenchman, one Elol Sandrie, on the quay. You will remember all this?"

"Perfectly. Tancred de Najac, Elol Sandrie. I never yet found my memory playing me false."

"You will be good enough to let the young gentleman know that a cabin is placed at his disposal, and you will accept no passage-money from him."

"In this as in the rest, senor, your wishes shall be carried out to the letter. But permit me to express my hope that your fears are unfounded."

"I cannot prevent you entertaining such hopes, but I can and do assure you that they are vain. You will, I trust, preserve the most complete silence on what I have told you. The blow will fall soon enough. And now I will have you shown to the room which you will occupy during your stay at Havana. I will not say farewell, for if death allow me time I will see you again. You are an honest man, captain. A dying man's blessing can do you no harm, and mine I give you with all my heart."

Don José called in Annunziata, and Mathurin Lemonnier left the room with a heavy heart.

gazing now at the shining stars, and now at the dark shadows in the garden below. Since the arrival of the "Marsouin" all her sinister forebodings had disappeared, and at this moment he was dreaming of the happiness that awaited her father and herself in the land beyond the sea. Little was she prepared for the cruel blow that was about to fall on her.

"Here I am, father," she returned, going to the bedside. "What do you want me for?"

"I want to tell you something very sad; something which will make your heart bleed, but which it is necessary that you should hear without any delay."

"Oh, my God!" murmured Annunziata. "What are you going to tell me? You frighten me, father. See how I am trembling."

"Courage, child! Do as I have just done. Ask God to give you strength to bear it."

"Father," said the girl, "this preparation is useless; it only frightens me; I picture to myself all kinds of trouble."

"Alas, my poor child, there is no kind of trouble that is impossible, and the truth will far surpass your most fatal presentiment."

Annunziata looked at her father with eyes dilated by terror, but said nothing. The old man went on.

"Take this key. It opens the upper drawer of the great ironwood cabinet in my study. In

### XIX.

#### LAST MOMENTS.

During the whole of the day following that on which the interview with Captain Lemonnier had taken place, Don José was comparatively easy. His disease seemed to give him a brief respite; his sufferings were less acute, and no new crisis declared itself. Yet with the strange prescience of a dying man, he saw that the end was fast coming on. Nor was he mistaken.

Night had fallen. Two tapers shed a faint light in the large bed-chamber, and gently flickering in the evening breeze that penetrated through the half-opened window, alternately lit up and cast into the shade the pale face of the dying man.

Don José felt his heart beating fiercely, as through it would burst the walls of the prison of flesh that confined it. Never, until this moment, had the abnormal enlargement of the organ of life made itself so distinctly perceptible. His left hand, pressed against his side, rose and fell with the violent pulsations. It became evident that the blood-vessels, swollen beyond endurance, might at any moment burst.

"At last, the time has come!" thought Don José. "God knows I have more courage to meet death than I have to break the news to my child that by to-morrow morning she will be an orphan."

And the old man raised his soul to the Almighty, and prayed for strength to carry him through the fearful ordeal before him.

"Annunziata, my child, come here, I want to speak to you."

The young girl was standing at the window



the drawer you will find a red shagreen portfolio which you will bring me."

The girl mechanically took the key and executed her mission with the apathy and unconsciousness of one who walks in his sleep. When she returned a terrible change had taken place in her father's condition. His face was flushed with pain, and his whole frame was convulsed in a crisis which exceeded in intensity anything that he had hitherto experienced.

"The phial!" he murmured in a choking voice; "the phial!"

Annunziata dropped the portfolio, seized the phial, and was about to measure out the usual dose when her father's feeble tones arrested her.

"No—no," he murmured in a voice that was gradually growing fainter; "the phial, the phial." And stretching out his trembling hand he eagerly grasped it and drained it to the dregs.

"It is all over," he thought. "I should have no further need for it. Now I am almost sure to have an hour to live, and that is more than sufficient to complete my task."

For a minute or two he lay motionless. Then with a mighty effort he raised himself and supported his head on his hand.

"What did you do with the portfolio, child?" Annunziata picked it up from the floor and handed it to her father. The old man opened it and drew out several papers, one of which was folded like a letter.

"My own dear child," he continued, "kneel down at my bed-side. It is fit that you should listen to me on your knees, for as you listen you will have to pray God that he in his mercy may give you strength and resignation."

Annunziata fell on her knees.

"I will go straight to what I have to say," pursued Don José, "for I can understand what you are suffering from—suspense and doubt of what is coming. I told you to be prepared for the worst; in one moment you will know the full extent of the evils that threaten you. One of these evils alone will, I am sure, seem harder to bear than all the rest put together."

"I told you some days ago," he continued, after a short pause, "that I had received a letter from Philip Le Vaillant. This letter was an answer to a message I had sent him. I have preserved a copy of this message, as well as of his reply. I will read them both to you, they will inform you of a secret that I thought best to keep from you until the last. From them you will learn everything; the past, the present, and I may say the future."

With these few words of preparation Don José unfolded the copy of his own letter and read it in a voice that he tried hard to maintain.

Annunziata listened, still kneeling, her hands hanging lifeless at her sides and her eyes staring fixedly at the ceiling. In this attitude she looked like a statue of Stupor carved in white marble. When her father had read the sentence in which Don José declares himself to be the most miserable of men, she started with a wild gesture, and passing her hands over her face, exclaimed:

"You, father, the most miserable of men! No, no! You did not write that! Am I dreaming or am I mad?"

"My dear child," urged Don José, "let me go on. You will soon see what I mean."

Then he continued to read:

"This is true, Philip, for what can be compared to the misery of an old man who, having lost an adored helpmeet, lavishes the whole power of his affection on his only beloved child, and yet knows that he is about to leave his darling alone in the world, poor and unprotected."

"What is he saying?" cried the poor girl, "My God, what is he saying? I am orphan! I alone in the world!"

Don José continued without taking any notice of the interruption:

"Such is my fate, my friend. My misfortunes may be told in a few words: I am ruined and I am dying."

"What horrible dream is this?" Annunziata broke in. "Thank God, it is too absurd to be real!"

Still the old man continued, in a calm, firm voice:

"I can count, if not the days, at least the months that I have yet to live, and my immense fortune is so completely involved, that not only will nothing be left at my death, but alas! my very memory will be dishonored."

Annunziata was no longer on her knees. Almost mechanically she had risen from the ground, and now at this climax of misfortune, she burst into an insane, discordant laugh.

"Father," she murmured in a measured, monotonous voice, "for pity's sake awake me. This dream is giving me pain. Do you know what I have heard? The word dishonor coupled with your name. Don José Roverso bankrupt, dishonored! What do you say to that, father?"

Once more she broke into the harsh, hysterical laugh. Her father looked at her in alarm.

"Oh, my God!" he murmured under his breath, "Is it not enough that you are taking my life? Will you also take my child's reason?"

"Do not deceive yourself, my dear child," he added aloud. "You are not under the influence of a dream, as you seem to imagine. What I am reading to you is true. It is all real that you have heard. Once more I say, take courage and be resigned. Let me continue. I must go on to the end. My allotted time is passing fast, and I am on the point of death."

"Of death!" repeated the girl, as though she did not understand; and in very truth understood she did not.

"Yes," replied Don José, "of death, and the moment is not far off."

For the first time a glimmer of the truth flashed across Annunziata's mind. Frantically beating the air with her hands she fell, with a piercing cry, once more upon her knees.

At first the old man thought she had fainted. She had not. Although almost heart-broken by the suddenness of this cruel news she still felt all the sharpness of pain. For some moments she remained perfectly quiet with her head hid in the coverlet. When she looked up her face was white as alabaster, and a bright, unnatural light burned in her eyes.

"Father," she said in a perfectly calm voice, "I am listening. Go on, I am strong enough to hear all."

The dying man would willingly have given his daughter a few minutes' respite, but the time was fast ebbing away, and he felt that his hour was close at hand. Continuing where he had broken off, he read the long, sad letter to the end.

Annunziata did not once interrupt him. She mustered up all her resolution to listen to the cruel recital, but the all but audible throbbing of her heart, the convulsive sobs that rose in her throat, and the tears that streamed down her pale cheeks fully betrayed her emotion.

"That is what I wrote to Philip," said Don José. "Here is his answer."

Unfolding the paper he had received through the Spanish captain he read in a trembling voice his friend's short but affectionate letter, which, the reader remembers, closed in the following words:

"In this manner will we plan our future:—As soon as you arrive at Havana you will despatch a confidential agent to Havana, who will put your estate in order and pay these two miserable millions about which you are tormenting yourself so needlessly. This done, you shall for the third time become my partner, and we will never leave each other."

"No we will part no more. Why should we, since we shall form but one family?"

"José, my old friend, my dear brother, let me ask you for my son Oliver the hand of your daughter Annunziata."

When he concluded both father and daughter were in tears.

"Keep this letter, my child," he continued; "it is your only inheritance. I do not bid you love with all your heart him who wrote it. Why should I? Thank God you will not be altogether an orphan, for the father you are about to find will take the place of the father you are about to lose."

"Can the tenderness of a life-time be replaced?" cried the young girl passionately. "Can a heart like yours be replaced? Can another take your place to me, father?"

The momentary calmness she had forced on herself disappeared like a flash. Then she added triumphantly:

"Besides I do not believe it, father! I can not believe it! No, you will not die! You will still live many years for my happiness and your own. Why should God, who gave you to me, now take you away? In what have I offended him that he should punish me so harshly? It would be more than an injustice; it would be cruelty! It is impossible! God is just; he is good. He often pardons the guilty, how much more should he have mercy on the innocent! I tell you that you will live! Does not your own friend, in his letter, say the same thing? The climate of France will give you fresh strength, and the physicians there will restore your health. I have a presentiment that this is so, and my presentiments are never wrong. Get rid of these horrible ideas that are haunting you, and as soon as you are a little stronger we will start. Believe me, dear father, the voyage will begin the work of restoring your health, and the care of your Annunziata and the happiness of seeing your old friend after so many years' absence will complete it. I am sure that a year hence people will say that you have all the appearance and activity of a young man of thirty, as Mr. Vaillant, who is your senior, himself says. Come, father, I beseech you, and you cannot refuse me, pluck up courage, do not yield to these fatal anticipations which are killing you, be confident for the future and all will yet be well."

"Alas, alas! my poor dear child," returned Don José, "only a miracle could save me now, or even delay for a few hours the end that is rapidly approaching."

"Are you sure, father," he murmured, "that I am perfectly certain."

"Then," cried Annunziata, in a magnificent outburst of faith, "I will ask God to work a miracle on your behalf; and he will do it!"

The young girl threw herself on her knees before a painting of the Crucifixion that hung on the wall and murmured in a voice that breathed intense enthusiasm and firm conviction:

"Oh, my God, if a miracle be necessary to save my father, do thou work one!"

And in a lower tone she added:

"And in exchange for his life take mine!"

Then she rose, calm once more and convinced that her heartfelt prayer had mounted to the throne above and had been favorably received.

As she returned to the bedside her face was bright with faith and hope.

Don José, reassured by his daughter's confidence and child-like faith, almost caught the contagion.

"Who knows?" he said to himself. "God may perhaps grant the prayers of the purest of all his angels."

An unwonted and unhelped for change seemed all at once to be taking place within him. The pulsations of his heart appeared to diminish in force and in pain, and after many

nights and days of unceasing sleeplessness, a gentle reviving slumber crept over him.

"My dear child," he said in a low but distinct voice, "I think I can sleep. Kiss me, dear, before my eyes close. Now sit by the bedside and give me your hand. I must hold it while I sleep."

With a fervent expression of thanks for what seemed a speedy answer to her prayer Annunziata took her place. Don José fell back on his pillow, and with a glance of affection and gratitude at his daughter dropped into a sweet sleep.

"Thank God!" she said to herself, as hope once more dawned in her breast, "He has heard my prayer!"

For a whole hour Annunziata sat perfectly still for fear of awakening her father.

"How calmly and sweetly he sleeps," she thought. "For days past his breathing has been hard and forced, and now I do not even hear it. Ah! how good God is!"

Notwithstanding the fatigue to which she had been exposed, the days and nights she had passed in watching, the freshness began to return, with rekindled hope, to her face.

Suddenly she turned ashy pale; her eyes dilated with terror, and a sharp cry escaped from her trembling lips.

The hand she held in hers was stiff and cold. At first she refused to believe it. Putting her arms around her father she tried, with many caresses and kisses, to awake him.

"Father, wake up! Father, speak to me! You frighten me! Father, father, why do you not answer me?"

Her father was a corpse. At the very moment when she was indulging in hopes for his recovery he had returned his soul to its Maker.

With a long wail of grief the orphan fell senseless on the bed.

## XX.

## A VERY UGLY NIGGER.

While the great house in the Calle de Obispo was the scene of the sad events related in the last chapter, a drama of a more pleasant nature was being enacted in the villa rented by Morales.

Tancred and Carmen had wholly given themselves up to the lovers' delights of the honeymoon, to the utter exclusion of all other mundane affairs.

The Frenchman, who perfectly adored the young wife whom Fortune had given him in so strange a manner, devoted himself entirely to her, lived for her, and with her forgot the past and gave no thought to the future.

Carmen herself, who felt no real love for Tancred, though she feigned to dote upon him, could hardly resist the charming attentions and sincere but respectful adoration of her young and handsome husband. In the little lovers' tête-à-tête she played her part to perfection, and Tancred had no reason to doubt that he was loved fully as much as he loved.

As for Morales, he was having but a sorry time of it. He had so arranged matters that during their stay in Havana Tancred should not learn the truth respecting his marriage, nor the real condition of his bride and her noble and esteemed brother.

Once safely arrived in France Morales had made up his mind as to the course to be pursued. He would be suddenly ruined. His negroes had revolted, the poisoners had been at work, an insurrection had broken out. There were a hundred stories that he could use to account for the sudden change in his fortunes. Then he would be at liberty to draw on his brother-in-law's purse, and through his means mount the first step of the ladder that leads to wealth and fame. This once accomplished he had no fear for the future.

The only thing that troubled him was the getting away from Havana. That must be done at once, before Quirino discovered their whereabouts. With this thought uppermost in his mind Morales's one care was to find a vessel of any nationality which might carry them anywhere out of range of Quirino's musket.

During the first few days after the marriage of his sister the terror with which the mere thought of the Indian inspired him kept him at home. Berenice had received orders to watch the movements of all the vessels in the harbor, and we must do her the justice of adding that she performed her task with the utmost exactitude.

Soon, however, Morales tired of his self-imposed seclusion. He had persuaded himself too that the mulatto was playing him false. On the one hand he was longing to go out and see for himself, while on the other, fear of the redoubtable Quirino forbade his quitting the house. Thus hesitating between two alternatives he finally devised an expedient which should cover the whole ground.

One day he determined to put his idea into execution. Sending Berenice out to make some necessary purchases he locked himself in his room, where he remained for fully two hours. At the expiration of this time the door was opened and some one came out—but it was not our well-known Morales.

It was a tall, thin and bony negro, with a shiny black skin and curly grizzled hair. He was dressed in a coarse colored shirt, jacket and pantaloons of striped twill, the latter reaching to the knee, with an old straw hat and a pair of earrings in his ears.

The negro's nose was perhaps a little long and curved and his lips rather thin for a true son of Africa, but with these slight exceptions he was a perfect specimen.

Of course our readers have recognized the Gitano. Our description of his disguise could not effect so perfect a metamorphose in his appearance, as did the wig, the dye, and the costume he had assumed. As it was the disguise was perfect.

He had not taken many steps when he found himself face to face with Berenice, who started back in alarm.

"Where's he coming from, that fellow?" she cried. "Who are you? Where have you been? What do you want? How did you get in? I have the keys of all the doors."

Morales was delighted. He was evidently unrecognisable.

"Hush!" he whispered, laying his finger on his lips. "Caramba, my good Berenice, it seems that I am capably disguised. I must be frightfully ugly, eh?"

"I didn't notice anything particular," returned the mulatto naively.

Morales took this doubtful reply for a compliment, and with the grin that usually did duty as a smile passed into the street.

After having spent the morning in promenading the streets without attracting any attention he returned home well satisfied with the result of his experiment.

From this time Morales took his walks abroad in disguise. Both Carmen and Tancred, however, were unaware of this.

On the morning of the fatal day on which Don José Roverso had breathed his last Morales returned home much earlier than usual, and after having washed off the dye which formed not the least portion of his disguise, and changed his clothes, he went in search of his sister and her husband.

Tancred and Carmen were in the garden, where Morales found them billing and cooing like a pair of young turtle-doves, in a cool grassy nook.

"My dear chevalier and my charming little sister," said the Gitano. "I have some news for you."

"Good news?" asked Carmen.

"Not exactly so just yet, but it may be good news before very long."

"What is this new mystery?" asked Tancred, laughing. "What have you to tell us, Don Guzman?"

"A French vessel, the 'Marsouin,' from Havre, came into port yesterday. It sails again at the end of the week for France."

"That is really good news!" cried Carmen, with sparkling eyes.

"Capital!" added Tancred, who was filled with joy at the prospect of seeing his beloved country again, and especially in company with a young and charming bride, "Capital, my dear brother-in-law!"

"So I thought, at first," returned Morales; "but then—"

"But then—What?"

"Well, I repeat what I said before. It is not exactly good news, but it may become such."

"What do you mean?"

"As soon as I learnt to what port the 'Marsouin' belonged I took a boat and boarded her. I saw the quarter-master, intending to secure our passage, but he informed me that he could make no arrangements in the absence of the captain, who, however, he said, would soon return, as he had only gone to a funeral."

"A funeral!" cried Tancred and Carmen together.

"Yes. And whose funeral do you suppose it was?"

"One of his sailors, no doubt."

"Not a bit of it. It was the funeral of a friend of yours, my dear chevalier."

"A friend of mine," cried the Frenchman. "You must be mistaken, Don Guzman. I know no one in Havana—no one, at least, that could be related to the Captain of a French vessel. I am convinced that you must be mistaken."

"No, I am sure I am right. Your memory is playing you false. Think a little, my dear brother."

"I can think of no one but the good people with whom I lodged, Eloi Sandrie and his wife. With all my heart I hope that nothing has gone wrong with them."

"No, they are well. Think again."

"I am acquainted with no one else but Don José Roverso and his daughter. Surely nothing has happened in that house. Tell me quick, Don Guzman."

Morales assumed a grave, sad look, and wiping, as usual when he wished to appear particularly affected, the invisible tears from his eyes, resumed in a melancholy tone of voice:

"Alas, my dear brother, I regret extremely having to be the bearer to you of news which has profoundly afflicted me—the news of the death of the best man and the richest merchant in Havana—in a word, of Don José Roverso."

"What!" cried Tancred in amazement, "Don José Roverso dead?"

"Last night, almost suddenly, after an illness of five or six days which no one looked upon as dangerous."

"How sad! How very sad! I cannot tell how much your news grieves me!"

"What does it matter to you?" asked Carmen sharply. "Don José was no such very great friend of yours. You hardly knew him."

"My dear Carmen," returned Tancred, "can you or I ever forget that only a few days ago the good man who is just dead took me in wounded and almost lifeless, treated me as his own son; me, a stranger, and perfectly unknown to him? Why then are you so astonished, so vexed at my feeling a sorrow which after all is only natural?"

"You ask me why?"

"Certainly I do."



"I am vexed at the emotion you display because in giving expression to your pity for Don José you showed that you felt pity for his daughter too. You know well enough that I was at one time jealous of Annunziata; and perhaps I am jealous still. She is so perfectly beautiful that when you think of her I run the risk of being forgotten."

Tancred stopped his wife's mouth with a kiss. "You my angel of beauty and love! What have you to fear. Are you not the most beautiful and the most perfect of all the women on the earth. If the goddesses of ancient Olympus were to strive once more for the prize of beauty, you would only have to show yourself to put them all to shame."

"Is that true, sir?" asked Carmen, with deliciously irresistible coquetry.

"I swear it is, by your beauty."

"Then I believe you, sir. Still, if you wish me to be happy you must never think again of Annunziata."

"That is cruel. But since you desire it, I will even forget her name."

Carmen conveyed her thanks in a kiss.

"Caramba, my young lovers!" Morales broke in, "it seems that you are paying but little attention to what I have to say. In any case you have wandered very far from the subject."

"We are all attention now, Don Guzman," returned the Frenchman.

"Where did I leave off?"

"You were waiting for the captain."

"Exactly. In about a quarter of an hour the captain returned in company with a second, and followed by nearly the whole crew, who had been present at the funeral. It appears that Don José was the friend, and had been at one time the partner of the owner of the 'Mar-soulin,' (a fine three-master, my dear chevalier). This old idiot of a captain's eyes were so red with weeping, and his face wore such a lugubrious expression that, laugh at me if you will, I could not restrain my own tears. Why, the very remembrance makes me weep."

Once more the handkerchief was called out to do duty on tearless eyes. This operation performed the Gitanó proceeded with his narrative.

"I made my business known to the captain, who informed me, with the utmost politeness, that it was impossible for him to accommodate me; that he had the strictest orders to take no passengers."

"What," said I, "can no exceptions be made?"

"In one case only," he replied, "which evidently does not concern you." Of course I had nothing to do but to retire gracefully. And this is my news.

"I find it discouraging in every way," returned Tancred.

"What do we care about the presence of a French vessel in port, unless we can take passage by her?"

"But, my dear brother, I do not find the matter so difficult as you seem to think, and I am convinced that we shall sail in the 'Mar-soulin.'"

"Have you any means of causing an exception to be made in our favor?"

"A simple application from you to the captain, would, I doubt not, be successful, have the desired effect?"

"How can that be when you have not succeeded?"

"For the best of reasons. I am a mere stranger to him, while you are not only a countryman of his, but an officer in the royal navy. You may be sure that he would place himself in a very ugly position were he to refuse to take your home."

"Perhaps you are right, Don Guzman."

"Not perhaps, but certainly I am right."

"In any case I will try my luck."

"If you intend doing so the sooner you do it the better."

"Well, let us say to-morrow, then."

"Why not to-day?"

"Well then, this evening."

"Why not at once?"

"How is it you are in such a hurry?"

"We must come to a decision as soon as possible in order to give Carmen and myself time to get ready for leaving."

"Well, I will go at once."

"Not as you are?"

"Am I not sufficiently well dressed?"

"Certainly not, my dear chevalier. For a visit of this kind it is better that you should be in uniform. It will have a certain amount of effect on a plain captain of the merchant service. So while you change your dress I will order round the volante."

"Will you accompany me, Don Guzman?"

"No, certainly not. My presence might have the very worst effect."

"In what way?"

"The captain would find it difficult in my presence to grant you what he refused me."

"That is true, I will go alone."

(To be continued.)

## Before the Lights.

I am an "old stager," and my story is of the stage, "stagey." As early as I can remember, I had a desperate longing for the stage. Not that I was a second master Betty, or believed that I should develop into a Roscius. Neither was I stage-struck, nor desirous of "fretting my little hour" before the lights. At one time, perhaps I would have jumped at a chance of appearing in any character, from a demon in a pantomime, with a hideous mask and nothing to say, up to the great creation of Shakespeare's Macbeth at an amateur performance. But the "desperate longing" to which I now refer was of quite an-

other order. Stagey, it is true; but it was in the ranks of authorcraft I wished to shine. When first the desire seized me, I can well remember the insane attempts I made to interview managers of theatres, under the innocent belief that could I but once obtain admission to the sanctum sanctorum of so awful a personage—situate some where, I knew, in that mysterious region known to outsiders as "behind the scenes"—I could at once convince him that I was the coming genius of the age; that my piece—some farce unduly elaborated, and the big manuscript much thumbed—would make the fortune of his theatre, and (though this I did not add) of myself as well. But experience teaches, and all those pet beliefs fell through one by one as, time after time, I failed, and non-success made heavy the youthful heart that, feeling so hopefully, had commenced so ardently to write for the stage. To "write for the stage!" What a great deal of sound there is in that phrase! But very little more than sound, I soon discovered. And yet I had my "first night" when, as the "author," I was called before the curtain, "before the lights" upon the stage, gained what had been my highest ambition, and made my bow to an audience. If you ask me what led me to take up such a line, I answer that I don't know. None of my family were stage people, but I remember that one of my school-companions lent me a play-book once, and described in glowing terms how he had seen it acted. And then I used to read the bills of the theatres and devour with my eyes the "programme of performance" at some especially favorite house. The great posters upon the street-boardings announcing a new piece by Mr. — had for me a great fascination. I envied the lucky author whose name appeared there—not because it appeared, but for the honor and glory it brought him, and the name it gave him. And again, I thought of the money he must be making, and nothing to do for it. I forgot the brain work, the hard labor, and the intense thought necessary to produce such a piece before payment could be hoped for. "Forgot" did I say? rather let me own that I knew nothing of them. But as I sat one night in the pit of a theatre, making one of a "first-night audience," I thought how easy it would be to write a drama which should bring my name before the public, fill the house as that house was filled that night, and make me an author, too. How I watched that piece to its conclusion, listening to the words spoken by the actors and actresses as though they were so many charmers, and I, as by the magic of their influence, bound to listen! I have done it sometimes since, but not often. The author's craft is known to me, and the "situation" worked up by him no longer thrills me. I guess it before it presents itself to me, but I can yet greet his work as that of a clever man. When the curtain fell on the first night of the new piece I witnessed, I was thrilled with excitement and emotion. The female portion of the audience wiped away some tears caused by the sufferings of the heroine as a much-abused personage—and I felt what a noble thing it was to write a piece which, like that, mingled tears and laughter. And then the author was called before the curtain to bow his acknowledgments, and how I envied him! After that I attended a great many first nights, and each one only determined me to try for a similar honor. With what pride when I had written a farce—my first—I sent it in to the manager of a theatre where I thought it would have the best chance! With what anxiety I waited for an answer! Would it come the next day or the day after, or would it be a week, I wondered. But, no; the next day passed and the day after, and a week went by without a sign. Had it reached him? I asked myself. But it must have, I answered, for I had left it with my own hands. Two weeks, three weeks, a month, and still no answer, and then I called one night and asked to see Mr. —. My name was sent up, politely enough, and soon a message was brought down that the manager was too busy to see any one, but would I state my business? I did; I said that I had called about a farce I had sent in; and I remember how, when I mentioned with becoming modesty my "little piece," I blushed like a school-girl and turned my face away, so that the man might not see it. I then received a promise that the manager would write to me, but before it came I had grown apathetic, for the "hope deferred," which "makes the heart sick," had come with full force upon me. In the first eagerness of writing, however, I had not waited for one to be produced before thinking of another, and about this time I had a second farce ready. Then I addressed a note to the manager about the other, and begged an answer. Yet still I waited, and then, to cut short the story of my long waiting, when the answer did come, the post brought with it my manuscript—rejected! Undeterred, I sent in the second farce, and resolved to wait patiently before I asked about that. To tell the truth, I began to find out that managers did not read pieces every day in the week, though I know now that they might do so every hour in the day if they would, so many things are sent in, so many applications by aspirants after such honors. I waited and waited till more than a month had passed, and then wrote again and again, only to find that the manuscript had been mislaid, and that, having been recently found, I was to have an answer shortly.

Here let me tell those whom this struggle for an author's *debut* may interest, that it is not penned to exhibit the dark side of the picture to them. There is a bright side which is pretty well known—"success." But it must be struggled for, and those who can enter into the fight with that forewarning, stand the best chance. On every side, however, lie stumbling-blocks,

not the least of which is the course pursued by managers of the present day, to get pieces written by well-known authors, ignoring others, to suit the peculiar talents of the respective members of their company. In two ways this seems to be bad. It affords no opportunity, or very little, for the development of any talent, and restricts the school of acting to a certain line in which an actor or actress is recognized, or has made his or her "mark." The old system, by which a company was got together for what is termed the "run of the business," is done away with. Instead, an actor is now engaged to fill a certain part in a certain piece, and when that is over he is dismissed, unless the management have had a piece written in which there is a part suited to the actor's peculiar style. All will admit that this "runs" the actor "in one groove," and gives him no opportunity for general grasp of character. There are plenty of men upon the stage who can be funny in a part written to be funny, or strong in a part written to be strong; but that should not be placed to the actor's credit; it belongs to the author; but where an actor can make, legitimately, something good out of words and actions that are nothing except in his hands, that man is an actor in the proper meaning of the word; he "grasps" his character, and proves that he does not run in the "one groove" which the stilted style of the present day leads to. In "the provinces," there are companies who act together from year's end to year's end without change, and play innumerable pieces and a variety of characters. Such companies are the "feeders" of the London stage, or would be but that the actors and actresses own it is not worth their while to come to London to play through one piece only, which may or may not give them an opportunity of displaying the talent they may possess. This is the great stumbling-block to authors and to development of the acting art in the future. Criticism may do much in this and other respect to effect a purer silencing of the "mirror held up to nature" through the stage. Kindly disposed, yet uncompromising in the exposure of immorality or tendency to impurity, critics should be, and no editor should fear actions for libel (if he have perfect confidence in his critic), where a jury is set up to judge between the purity or indecency of a piece they possibly never saw.

But to return to my narrative. The answer from the manager came at last, in the shape of a request to call at the theatre at a certain time. What was it for? I asked myself. Was my piece accepted? Would it be played, or returned to me? But this latter thought I partially ignored, though it would intrude itself, because the other rejected piece had been returned unaccompanied by any request for my presence. So, alternating between hope and fear, the time passed, and I found myself at the appointed hour waiting at the door of the theatre once again to see the manager. "At any rate," I thought, "I shall get behind the scenes at last"—and I did. My name having been sent in, I was presently requested to enter the, to me, mysterious—nay, almost sacred—region. I was "behind the scenes." "Good heavens!" I thought, as following the man conducting me, who hastened onward into sudden darkness, while I endeavored to follow as quickly; good heavens! was this the gilded hall or fairy palace I had seen from the pit? Was this dark and evil-smelling place the enchanted region known as "behind the scenes?" I asked myself these questions while following the man who had taken my name, and while I was being led through a forest of trees—among which, oddly enough, stood the elegant furniture of a modern drawing-room. My guide knocked at a little door in a dark corner, and the next second I found myself before a man who sat at a little table scratching long lines across a bulky manuscript. He was heavy-eyed, his face bore an expression of the greatest trouble, and he looked tired to death. It was the manager! the man who, night after night, convulsed the house with laughter—he played low comedy—and whom I had pictured as the incarnation of mirth and jollity. While he went on marking the manuscript—for, of course, I did not interrupt him—I had leisure to observe the sanctum sanctorum I had at last entered. Above the mantel-shelf was a cracked looking-glass minus a frame; in one corner guns, swords, pikes, helmets, shields, and the general armor of stage soldiery; while the room generally was crowded with a heterogeneous mass of furniture. And then I looked at the manager with mingled curiosity and interest. He never spoke for five minutes, and I knew he was a man who took life's troubles roughly, that they pressed heavily upon him. Yet this was the man who was the life and soul of the audience at night. Truly, I thought, "all is not gold that glitters." When he looked up and pushed his work away from him, he passed his hands across his eyes, as though he would wipe away a load of care, and then asked:

"Well, sir, and what can I do for you?"

I explained my business to him, told him my name, and mentioned that I had previously sent in a farce.

"Yes," he said, "yes; I remember; I wasted my time reading it. Not worth the light, sir."

I laughed a little and colored a great deal. Not that I was offended; I rather liked the frank tone in which he spoke.

"Well," I asked, "and with regard to this one?"

"Humph! Better," he said, "decidedly better;" and then added, "I'll play it."

I didn't jump up and seize his hand, nor fall down on my knees to thank him, though it was the consummation of my wishes at that time. I never moved, though I know my heart

did, for I felt it thumping very hard beneath my waistcoat.

"Yes," he repeated, "I'll do it, but I can't say when. As soon as I want another farce."

After that, I need scarcely add, I went home and wrote with renewed energy, and thought over "old" plots upon which to found "new" pieces. Not farces—no; I meant to aspire to something very different, for was I not an author? And so I had determined to have a big piece—in acts, as I had seen them called; for I had bought plays and studied their construction. And I would have a suffering heroine, and a fight, in which the villain was to be killed by the lover—at least that was my idea of the orthodox then. That, I thought, would bring me fame, and after that money would come.

In about three months more I was sent for again to go to the theatre. The manager had not forgotten his promise, as some of them do. It was at night then, and when once more I found myself behind the scenes, the light there was as broad as the sun at noonday. I was told that the manager would be "off" directly, and so I was left standing alone. "Off?" I thought, what is "getting off?" But not liking to ask any one, my ignorance remained unenlightened. As I stood by the scenes, constantly finding myself in somebody's way, I heard the shouts of laughter from the audience, but I could not see on the stage. Some time after a policeman came close to my side and put his hand familiarly on my shoulder. I was almost inclined to resent what I thought was an insult, and did ask somewhat sharply, "What do you want?"

In reply I heard a quick chuckle—I had heard it many a time before, on the stage—and then the policeman said, "Ah, you don't know me?" and so he laughed again.

I knew him then. It was the manager himself, dressed for his part, and I had not known him. I found, too, that he was much more humorous than when I saw him before, and I was glad. We laughed together over the joke and he called me "green." I thought then that he had mistaken my name, but I did not contradict him.

He told me afterwards that he had sent for me to tell me that he proposed to "read" my piece on the following day, and wished me to be present. When I left him I was very much mystified. I was certain that he had told me he had "read" it; and yet now he said he was going to read it on the morrow. But when the next day came—and I suppose I need scarcely say I was at the theatre—I found that "reading" it meant reading it before the company, or those members of the company required to play it. The manager was present—he played the first part—and several other gentlemen and ladies. One of the latter, who was called Miss Winter, attracted my attention from her exceeding beauty, and before the morning was over, I observed that she became so nervous as to scarcely know what she was doing. I was not soft-hearted, but the young lady interested me, and I took an opportunity of speaking to her. The interest was heightened by a circumstance that occurred at a rehearsal, and it was this: In the farce she had to play the part of an orphan girl, and when she came to speak the line which told the fact, I noticed a quick glance at her dress—plain black—and a sudden paling of her face. I thought she was going to faint, but I did not know the reason and another lady took her by the hand and led her to a chair.

After about a week of rehearsals, the night when the piece was to be played had come. I was not very old then, and though I can look on such an event now with somewhat more of composure (but still anxiety and care), need I say that my excitement that evening was great? To me, it was as big a venture as any of the big pieces I had witnessed on "first nights" at other theatres. Judge, then, how I tormented myself with thoughts of something that was to happen to prevent its success—possibly its ever being played at all. Would somebody break down in his part, and ruin the "go" of it? But no; it was announced; it must come off. Over and over again I had contemplated the bills of the theatre placarded about the town, to which my name was appended as the author. With what pride I had first read it, and how, whenever I met with a bill in my walks through the streets, I stopped to examine it and look for my name. The advertisements, too, I carefully scanned, and the newspapers became charms to my eyes. And then that night, when the curtain rose on the farce, and the audience welcomed the comic man (the manager) with a round of applause as he entered, the laughter he provoked, the roars from the "gods" (inhabitants of the gallery)—I learned the terms afterwards, how my heart beat! And when the curtain fell and the manager, shouted for by his admirers, went forward and took me with him, shall I ever forget it? No; I think not, for it was dearer to me than any of the other receptions I have had. My wife Mrs. —, née Miss Winter, could perhaps tell you more of it; might also tell you how I found out that she was an orphan, who had come to the theatre just as the farce was put on, so accounting for the incident which aroused my interest in her; that interest which culminated in my proposing to take her from the world, so friendless to her, to the warmer world which I could make for her. The two events are almost incidental. One springs from the other, and, old as I am now, and the stage no fairy palace, enchanted or mysterious region but only a world of high hopes and burning hearts (some true ones, some strayed from the path of the noble art), it would be as impossible for me to forget how my love grew for Ellen Winter, as it would be to forget my first appearance "before the lights."



## NIGHT-PLAINTS.

BY HECTOR A. STUART.

Rosy-tinted veering,  
Sunlight disappearing  
Gilds adown the cloud-enshadowed plane,  
O'er the landscape beaming  
With a milder gleaming,  
Ere his eyelids close in slumber's chain.

Bowed in pensive feeling—  
Memories o'er me stealing—  
Now the dew-spent glebe I sadly tread;  
Listen to the moaning  
Of the ocean droning,  
Droning endless anthems for the dead.

And the mango swaying,  
Rustling leaflets playing,  
Vocal breathe a spirit-soothing strain,  
Like the tone that lingers  
When, with elfin fingers,  
Zephyr strikes the lyric strings amain.

Vanished phantoms waking,  
From their caskets breaking,  
Mournful in each sad vibration steal,  
Bearing many a token,  
Many an idol broken,  
Many a vision from the shades of leal.

Wakens shadows looming  
Ghastful through the glooming,  
Bearing many a mournful thought to me;  
Shades of memories rising,  
Dismal dreams devising—  
Dreams methought entombed eternally.

And amid their number,  
From death-stricken slumber,  
Rises one ill-fated memory;  
One enchanting vision,  
Like a dream elysian,  
Vainly buried in oblivion's sea.

Vision of a maiden  
With distress o'er-shaden,  
Tomb'd beneath the hollow-chanting roar  
Of the sea-waves bounding,  
Samoa's Isle surrounding—  
Breaking on the coral-studded shore.

Visions of a maiden  
With sea-weed o'er-shaden,  
Wraith-like, rising from her watery tomb;  
Lustrous brightness o'er her,  
Like a fair aurora  
Light sporting through my grief-oppressing  
gloom!

THE BREECH-LOADER IN THE  
BACKWOODS.

The spring set in with its usual severity. Although sleighs had disappeared from the streets of Montreal, and I had actually seen a few precocious parrots abroad in the afternoon sun—although skating was over, and fur caps had been laid away in their summer bed of pepper-corns and camphor—the temperature was anything but vernal. The roads were impassable to any known vehicle, and offered the best evidence of the prevailing weather. Here they were muddy out of compliment to yesterday's rain; there they were dry out of civility to last night's frost, and dusty in honour of to-day's east wind; whilst elsewhere they pertinaciously kept some icy patches in remembrance of the past winter. Not a snowdrop or violet (as in England) peeped above the tree-roots, to tell of Nature's awakening from her six months' sleep. The fields were brown and bare, but in the corners of the fences the snow still stood at bay, or sank into the ditches to pine away unseen. Despite the almanack it was still winter, and, if it had not been for the evidence of my morning paper which fixed this day as 15th April, 1867, I could never have guessed the fact either by my own sensations or by looking out of the window.

In the Canadian spring the clerk of the weather appears to be puzzled with the amount of moisture he has on hand, and to expedite matters, he gets rid of it in rain, hail, sleet, and snow, all at the same time. Your window-panes are coated with ice, and you can only make out a blurred bird's-eye view of umbrellas, like erratic mushrooms, hurrying along the street below, and billiards become a necessity of your existence. Then the snow falls all night long like thistledown, and in the morning the fir trees in the garden droop with their feathery covering like plumes upon a maiden's hearse, and glisten with a myriad jewel-sparks in the early sun, when there is no breath to stir the slightest flake, and not a bird to shake down a tiny avalanche in this fairy-land. Then comes a week of storms varied by a day or two of dust, which nature sends to provoke the appetite for to-morrow's rain; then a hot day when you go out (by your wife's orders) in your thickest clothes; and a cold sleet when you first leave off your winter under shirts! of such variety is Montreal spring!

But about the 15th April, more or less, the ice in the St. Lawrence breaks up, and the river shore is crowded every day with those who have nothing better to do than stand and stare at the ice, and bet drinks about a probable "shove." Now, being an idle man myself, I went every

morning to look at the river from the day when the first movement in the ice was visible. But it did not fall to my lot to see anything happen, for what slight shove there was this year took place (according to custom) during the night, and I saw two small boys gallantly plant a pocket handkerchief and broomstick on its summit the next morning. After the ice moves the river looks like a dissected puzzle badly put together. Heaps of refuse that have been growing all the winter near shore, and whose position you know perfectly well, are floating out in mid-stream, and the old road across the river (which you can identify as a ribbon of dirt), has half of its length up and down stream, leading from nowhere to nowhere—the other half in disconnected fragments, and one sturdy piece still pointing in the right direction, but terminating abruptly in open water. The stream is at work. And the scene is ever changing. Lanes of water are constantly opening out where a moment before there had been a jam of heavy ice, and the shore end of your old friend the road, having become detached in the *mêlée*, is swung lazily half across the river, where it grinds its edges against its better-half, and then in trying to elbow its way down the current, runs aground on the wharf half a mile below its starting place. In front of the city the water seems to rejoice in its freedom, and rushes wildly along the quays over the sunken wharves, crushing and rolling in its course lumps of dirty honey-combed ice that look sadly in need of this violent washing, while the boys of the neighbourhood, armed with bits of plank, are poking at the loose ice, and thereby promoting every possible collision, when they are not more pleasantly excited by inspecting the dragging the carcasses of dead horses from the water, which is accomplished after infinite labour and strange oaths to the admiration of the river-side loafers. Towards the canal the sound of hammering is unceasing, for there is but a fortnight before the 1st May, when the navigation will recommence, and when swarms of steamers and tugboats will be fussing and bellowing about the harbour. Seagoing captains, who appear to hybernate during the winter months, sun themselves at the tavern doors, and a fresh smell of rope and flavour of ship-chandlery is prevalent, and all this time the noble river is eddying onward, and the open water grows daily larger, and there is no longer any charm in my daily walk along the quays.

So thought I one day as I was turning homeward, when I run against my dear friend Jack Glimmer, who had come to town for the day from the Fort at Isle-aux-Noix. "When was I coming to stay with him?" he asked, and that was always the first question of his hospitable catechism. Well, there was nothing to do just then in Montreal, so I settled to leave town by the afternoon train of the 17th April, and spend two or three days with him in the remote swamps of the Richelieu.

The Grand Trunk Railway is unquestionably unsafe although it incurs no danger by excessive speed. It is slow, but it is not sure. It dawdles, but it goes off the track, and behaves itself altogether in an irritating and scandalous manner. Accidents are, as it were, part of the programme, and the time-table is a polite fiction, having only the negative merit of informing the public at what hours trains do not arrive. However, I had but thirty miles to St. John's, where the redoubtable Jack was to meet me, and it was not unreasonable to hope for my ultimate arrival.

The American railway carriages are at the same time the hottest and the most draughty in the world. The doors at the east-end are banged continually, your fellow passengers are of the most unsavoury class, and from the moment you start you have annoyances innumerable. Nobody seems to care whether the train is in time or not. Nobody writes their grievances to the papers. Accidents are passed over as trifles, unworthy of record. Because Canada is a free country, forsooth!

For anybody to be amenable to any rules is incompatible with the transatlantic idea of freedom:—a word which is thus interpreted, viz., that everybody is at liberty to do "as he darn pleases." Actuated by this notion, the conductor was perfectly indifferent to my remonstrance as to our snail's-pace of travel. Being in a hurry, I asked, "Might I get out, and walk?" But he simply nipped a hole in my ticket, and passed on.

At St. John's, Jack met me, and, by his direction, I there purchased another ticket for Stottsville, and was hustled into a single carriage on a branch line before I knew what I was doing. Stottsville I had never heard of. But Jack told me as we sat smoking in the carriage-van (where I selected the softest portmanteau as a lounge) that it was not more than two pipes off, or, to measure with greater accuracy, about eight miles.

In due time we were deposited in company with sundry beer-barrels at a shed, which with a small ticket-office on the other side of the line, and two or three shanties near the railway crossing, comprises the village of Stottsville. The only public conveyance, the mail-cart, was in attendance, and we availed ourselves of this means of transport for the three miles between the station and St. Valentine, where we were to meet the garrison boat from the Fort. Imagine a wooden tray on four wheels with two moveable seats, that were being continually jolted out of their proper position, drawn by two horses of the most unequal size, and with harness that held together in defiance of all mechanical principles—picture to yourself a driver (with a wooden leg) most indefatigable in his endeavour to provoke the team into an intermittent trot

and you may have some faint idea of our journey in the mail-cart. As for the road, it would take me as long to describe, as to mend it. Road, it was not; let me rather call it a portion of land railed off for traffic. At St. Valentine, we pulled up at the Post-office, but no knocking, or kicking at the door, no rattling at the window met with answer. So the mail-bag was thrown on the doorstep and left. I suppose, however, there are few of the natives of this out-of-the-way village that indulge in correspondence at all. Hence the arrival of the mail does not excite the slightest enthusiasm. The villagers are too busy with their nets, to trouble their heads about book-learning. *A propos* to this rustic stupidity, one such pupil, on being sent to school, was introduced to the alphabet. "What is that letter?" asked the teacher, who, seeing a big sturdy boy, thought he might get a satisfactory answer to a rudimentary question. "Don't know," said the boy. "Well that's A," exclaimed the teacher. "Oh! that's A, it is?" repeated the boy. "Now what letter is that?" asked the teacher pointing to B. "Don't know." "Well, that's B. You must remember B." "Oh! that is B, is it?" said the boy, without a ray of intelligence. "Now what letter is that?" asked the teacher, going back to letter A, as a test of his scholar's attention, a query which only elicited the same answer, "Don't know." "Where were you brought up?" said the teacher in despair. But the boy, who was too ignorant to be alive to his deficiencies, corrected his master by replying, "Guess I wasn't brought up nowhere. I come down in a raft!"

It was freezing sharp and was nearly dark when we stepped into the boat, manned by four soldiers, and were pulled across the broad stream of Richelieu to Isle-aux-Noix (though why "aux-noix" I am at a loss to imagine). Here I found a nice little old-fashioned fort, with bastions, ditch, and drawbridge—an important place in 1812, but in A.D. 1867, of no celebrity whatever, except from its being an oasis of civilization in the backwoods, and the darling aversion of the British subaltern. There my breech-loader was deposited on the store floor of the mess-room, and I was requested by the officers of the garrison (three in number) to make myself at home, which I did accordingly.

Here, if we were not like *Aeneas*, filled with old wine and fat venison, we were made excessively welcome to ration beef and Montreal ale, followed by an interlude of mulled claret, which was in its turn, succeeded by whisky and "white eye." And in the meantime, Jack had not been idle. Wishing to show me what sport really was, he had talked over the matter with a knowing corporal (who having a gun of his own and a punt, was looked up to as the authority of the island); and was determined that we should start at three a.m. next morning—Jack and myself in one boat, and the corporal in his own punt, to show the way. *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*. I believed in Jack. I confess my weakness now, but Jack's gaiters impressed me, and whenever he pulled out his handkerchief, he started a shower of gun-wadding from his pocket, which had an appearance of business that I could not resist. Powder-flasks were lying about his dressing-table, a newly painted decoy was sitting on his chest of drawers, his hair-brushes were full of caps, and all the paraphernalia of a bird-stuffer were littering his room. In fact, there was every outward and visible sign that the island was a grand place for sport. Jack certainly was evasive on cross-examination, but confident, and so I went to sleep.

The corporal knocked me up before three a.m., and the full moon was staring me straight in the face through the little square window, as I shook myself into my knickerbockers, and shivered downstairs, where I found Jack filling his shot-belt, and eating sandwiches. It was bitterly cold, but I had put on a thick woollen jersey over my flannel shirt, and supplemented my Norfolk jacket by another of blanket cloth, which gave me a great advantage over Jack, who could not be persuaded to cover the intensely sporting appearance of his cream-coloured cord shooting jacket. We were afloat before the gold had faded from the moon, and I plied a pair of sculls up stream, while Jack impeded our progress as much as possible by an energetic but misguided manoeuvring of a paddle, till the corporal hailed us, and pointed out what was called "a blind" for us to hide in, at the upper end of a small island. Here five decoys were put out, and we pushed the skiff behind the twisted twigs and roots, which were supposed to keep us invisible, while Jack informed me how he and the corporal had killed sixteen duck last week from that same spot. It is astonishing what sport Jack always had "last week," and what an unlucky fellow he is on all occasions established by evidence!

But the dawn broke upon us; the duck were on the move, and the peculiar whistling flight of the golden-eye was as music in Jack's ear, and I still believed in him. Now poor Jack, as I have said in a former paper, in short sighted, and (as he will not, under any persuasion, wear spectacles, even in a duck punt) labours under extraordinary difficulties. He is at perpetual war with his eyeglass, which gets entangled with the surrounding twigs, or flies with a jerk behind his back, or twists its string round the hammers of his gun. As soon as it falls from his eye (which happens at every crisis) it gets into mischief somewhere—drops perhaps on a sandwich and retains some particle of grease or mustard, which Jack has to wipe off, at all hazards, when the duck are flying well.

The sun shone out at last, but with a perplexing blaze of light, that make Jack miss his three first shots. The birds were very wild, and

our hiding place was not satisfactory. Besides Jack would go on talking, and would not sit still, but kept on drumming his boots on the bottom-boards of the boat, and shifted his gun every five minutes to enable himself to sit on his fingers for warmth. Then he would whistle to the marsh blackbirds, and take out his watch to see (as he said) how many more hours' penance he had to get through before breakfast. However, he did knock over a shaldrake, and killed a duck that I had winged. For my own part, I bagged three "golden-eyes," and a hawk in five hours, and had no other chance of distinguishing myself; whereupon Jack was perfectly miserable at my not having come down to him last week, and apologised profusely as we paddled back to breakfast.

The life of a British Subaltern in this frontier fort is that of a *Lotos-eater*. He seldom goes out shooting, at which fact, after my local experience, I ceased to wonder. He keeps that amusement for guests, and deludes his friends by visionary sport into sharing his solitude, whilst, for his own part, he is content to pass his time (with intervals of infinitesimal duty) in a dreamy state of repose, lounging about the stone corridors, or resting his limbs, if not on "beds of asphodel," on the best substitute manufactured by military outfitters. So it was, that Jack and I were left to our own devices and were allowed to go out again that afternoon to the South River (where Jack said sport was beyond question), without anyone volunteering to be of the party.

As Jack very properly observed, I had come for shooting: and shoot I should, if there was a feather above water, and within range. The boat was accordingly provisioned for a long afternoon, and we started, down stream this time—a hot sun tanning us to the complexion of Red Indians, and Jack scanning the horizon with his eye-glass, till we turned up the muddy South River, where, as a first instalment to our bag, Jack and I, between us, killed a gull. A mile or so up the river we put down our decoys, in a spot established by last week's success, and waited the result. I impressed upon Jack the necessity of silence, and he actually followed my advice for three quarters of an hour. But now that he was quiet, he might just as well have been talking, for not a bird was stirring, except an occasional crow cawing high over the woods, or a gull lazily flapping on the glassy water, out of shot. It was no day for shooting—for nature seemed surprised by the heat into taking siesta, the decoys were mirrored on the stream, and there was not a ripple to break the reflection of the leafless trees. In fact, it was tiresome: and, after a long hour, I passed the word for luncheon, to which we devoted ourselves fitfully during the remainder of the afternoon. Three hours passed, and not a shot! then came a fourth hour of waiting, in which the sport exactly equalled that of the previous three—a fifth hour with a like result (or rather want of result) was not to be contemplated; so we pushed out into the open, and took up two purse nets which we came across. But there seemed to be as little going on under water as there was above, for we found only a few small perch and a big catfish, which we by no means coveted. In self-defence, we then began to shoot blackbirds for their feathers, which, though of no use to the fly-fisher, are very pretty for girls' hats. This gave us considerable diversion in piloting our skiff through the bush, where the river had overflowed, and in bailing out the boat. For Jack was continually overbalancing himself, and subsiding on the gunwale, to the great discomfort of his elbow. And thus we each blazed away some five pounds of shot before dark, to the great disappointment of our friends at the fort, who, hearing such a continuous fusillade in their neighborhood, had begun to believe that there was good shooting after all.

On our return we found the messroom crowded with more guns and a rifle or two. "Three more innocents had been beguiled into the backwoods, and we had quite a merry party that night. Now, Jack still persisted that I must go out again the next morning at daylight, and I agreed to do so. The rest of the party were talking about their plans for the morrow, when I left the last four at whisky, and lay down for a couple of hours' sleep, from which I was rudely awakened by the card-players, who, with guns in their hand and decoys slung on their shoulders, told me it was time to get up. This I did, and the party remained with me till I was dressed, when they left me to look after Jack, as they said. It then occurred to me to look at my watch. It was only two o'clock! and I then saw how I had been sold; which fact the laughing and noise downstairs might have established without any direct evidence. However, I made the best of it, and turned in again, boots and all, till I was called legitimately by Jack, who had his laugh at me too, for he, in his dreamy state, had been sufficiently wide-awake to salute the pseudo-sportsmen with a volley of boots.

Whilst the parties to this sell were snoring peaceably, we were again in our old "blind" at the end of the island. "Just the morning for us!" said Jack, for it was beginning to blow great guns. The twigs and stakes that composed our hiding place were being gradually washed away, and our decoys were at one moment hidden in the troughs of the waves, and the next appearing bottom upmost, as if they gave up all attempt at deception till a more fitting opportunity. The elements conspired against us, and we were literally blown home again, with one solitary bufflehead in the boat.

Jack did not attempt to persuade me to try again, but, changing his tactics suddenly, obtained leave to come back with me to Montreal,



and sent off at once to hire a team to take us to St. John's in time for the evening train.

I am accused of being prejudiced against these "happy hunting grounds." "If I had only been there last week!" "If I would only come again next fall!" etc., etc. But who knows where a rambler may be next fall? Certainly my small experience of the Richelieu is not worth much, and I hope, for Jack's sake, that I am mistaken in my opinion of it.

"You must try the corporal's dodge," says Jack, "next time you come down."

"And what may that be?" I ask.

"Just this. He rolled an old sugar-hogshead down to the beach on the upper end of the island, put out his decoys, got into the barrel, and"

"Fired out of the bunghole, perhaps?"

"Why, not exactly; but he left only half the heading at the end nearest the water, and fired over it, as if over a breastwork, you know (there's an old soldier for you!) and killed three couple of duck in the first ten minutes!"

Certainly the barrel is still lying on the beach. I saw it there myself from the boat, as we left the island, and bade farewell to the Richelieu.

#### ROMANTIC ADVENTURES OF THE COMTE DE CHAMBORD'S MOTHER.

Twenty years ago Venice was the silentest of silent seaports. So silent was St. Mark's Place that an assemblage of more than three persons on the Broglio was considered a crowd, to be regarded with suspicion by the police. There was a magnificent opera-house in this silent city; but it had been shut up for years. There was a sumptuous Royal palace; but its walls were as desolate as those of Balclutha: save once in a way, when an Austrian Archduke dropped in from Trieste to pass a division of Croat Grenadiers in review on the Campo di Marzo. There were many proud old Venetian families in the place, but they shut themselves up in their damp old palaces. There were many noble and beautiful ladies also, but they very rarely came abroad—when they did, they were clothed in mourning garments, and closely veiled. In the golden afternoon a little life would ruffle the bosom of the sleepy waters. Then sometimes the stray tourist might see a sable shallop waiting at the marble steps of a certain palace on the Grand Canal—a quaint old mansion in the Byzantine-Gothic style of the fifteenth century; and if the stray tourist asked his boatman he would be told that it was the Palazzo Chambord. He might also have learnt that "il Conde di Chambord" frequently came to Venice to visit his mother, "la Signora Duchessa di Berri," and that the waiting gondola was hers. By and by, a trim, alert, little old lady, with very white ringlets, very bright blue eyes, and a blooming peach-like complexion, clad in deep mourning, and wearing a black lace mantilla, after the manner of the Milanese ladies, but forbearing to draw the drapery over her face, as was then the Venetian mode, would come trotting down the steps of the Palazzo Chambord, attended by a single lady in mourning, to enter her gondola. Her draperies would be duly arranged on the low cushions; a milky-white little Bolognese poodle, with a crimson cord and tassel round his neck, installed by her side; the little old lady would give one sharp, skilful rattle on the gamut of her fan as a signal; and away would go her shallop, the oars softly plashing in the still waters of the Canalazzo. The common people of Venice rather admired her. She would land at the Molo; potter about the drapery stores of the Merceria and the jeweller's shops of the Procuratie Vecchie; never failed to set her watch by the antique dial in the Torre dell' Orologio; and was always followed back to her barque by a mob of sympathizing beggars. Now let us go back to the year 1830, and to Marie Caroline de Bourbon, the widowed Duchesse de Berri, the mother of a Young Pretender—herself youthful, high-spirited, petulant, enterprising, who was destined to pass through a series of adventures fully as perilous and even more romantic than those which fell to the lot of Charles II, after Worcester, and of Charles Edward after Culloden. Poor old Charles Dix has retired utterly demoralised and "played out," to Holyrood; but the valiant little Duchess was of opinion that "all was not lost." Her thoughts turned at once to Vendée. It was on the 29th of May, 1832, that, having formed the resolution of settling France in a blaze in the cause of "Henri Cinq," the Duchess arrived, in the Carlo Alberto steamer, off Marseilles. Some wild notions had been entertained by the Legitimists of the feasibility of an insurrectionary movement in the Provençal city itself. It was a very stormy night, and the captain of the Carlo Alberto proposed standing out in the offing until morning; but the Duchess insisted on a boat being lowered, declaring that she should reach the shore alone. "It was a peculiarity in the Duchess's character," wrote General Dermoncourt of her, "to adhere more strongly to her resolutions when any opposition was offered to them." So the Duchess, accompanied only by M. de Menars and de Bourmont, was rowed to land. Having reached a desolate spot on the coast, Marie Caroline wrapped herself up in a cloak, and went to sleep; the two faithful gentlemen keeping guard over her. Meanwhile, the knot of Legitimist conspirators in Marseilles, with whom the Duchess had been in correspondence, had drawn up the curtain for the performance of their preposterous drama. It proved the shortest of farces. They succeeded in hauling down the Tricolor from the steeple of St.

Laurent's Church, in hoisting the White Flag in its place, and in sounding the alarm bell of the old fane to serve as a tocsin. But the drums of the garrison beat to arms, and the constituted authorities very soon succeeded in replacing the tricolor banner on St. Laurent's steeple. This news, brought by faithful emissaries to the Duchess, reached her on the morrow of her landing; but it was with the greatest difficulty that she could be dissuaded from tempting fortune in Marseilles. At last she consented to take refuge in a charcoal-burner's hut, while Bourmont went to make inquiries. He very soon returned with tidings that the insurrection had been broken as though it had been a decayed apple under the wheel of a barrow, and that the gendarmes, having an inkling of the Duchess's landing, were in hot pursuit of her. As for the Carlo Alberto, a French Government frigate had, by the simple process of opening her ports and running out the guns on her near side, prevailed on the Sardinian steamer to give the Provençal coast a wide berth. The Duchess declared that, having reentered France, she intended to stop there, and that her resolve was forthwith to bend her footsteps towards Bretagne. There was neither horse, nor mule, nor carriage available for the journey; but, the mother of the Duc de Bordeaux having declared that she was a very good walker, and the charcoal-burner having offered his services as a guide, the little party, shielded by the shades of night, left the seashore. It was so dark that they could with difficulty see their way before them; yet for five consecutive hours did they plod and stumble onwards. At last the charcoal-burner guide came to a full stop, confessing that he had lost his way and at the same time the Duchess was fain to avow that she was worn out, and could walk no farther. Again she wrapped herself up in a cloak, and, with a portmanteau for a pillow, went to sleep. She awoke at dawn, and, perceiving a country-house close by inquired of a peasant as to whom it belonged. She was told that the villa was the property of a furious Republican, who was, moreover, mayor of the adjacent commune. "Very well," quoth Marie Caroline; "conduct me thither." Turning to her amazed dependants, she told them that they must now part. M. de Bourmont was commanded forthwith to repair to Nantes, there to await her coming; M. de Menars was instructed to proceed to Montpellier. "Adieu, gentlemen," concluded the little Tragedy Queen; "I wish you a safe journey, and may God be with you." She gave them her hand to kiss, and the trio parted. The undaunted Marie Caroline walked coolly into the *salle à manger* of the Mayor, and, accosting that functionary, said, "Sir, you are a Republican, and a Government officer; and I a proscribed fugitive, have come to ask an asylum at your hands. I am the Duchesse de Berri." What could the Republican Mayor do save tell the Duchess that his house was at her service. Upon this Marie Caroline, still cool as a cucumber, went on to explain that she required, not only refreshment and a bed, but a passport to enable her to proceed to Montpellier. And in Montpellier, on the following evening, the undismayed Duchess accordingly found herself. There Marie Caroline rejoined M. de Menars, with whom and another devoted adherent she travelled with fictitious passports to La Vendée; where, in spite of the remonstrances of all her friends, she attempted to send out the Fiery Cross into the Bocage. M. Berryer posted down from Paris to implore her to relinquish the mad enterprise, but in vain. The Vendean leaders themselves entreated her to pause; but the obstinate little lady challenged them on their allegiance: "Are you for God and the King, or are you not? If you are, *en avant!* If you are not, *sortez!*" Forty-five Chouan gentlemen, many of them nobles, with two peasants who had learned to play the light infantry bugle, met at the Chateau of La Penissiere de la Cour, there to raise the standard of rebellion. In this house they were beleaguered by a detachment of the 29th Regiment. They barricaded themselves, and a terrible fusillade commenced. Then the soldiers set fire to the chateau; and in the conflagration nearly all the Chouan gentlemen perished. They died, crying "Vive Henri Cinq!" One of the peasant bugle-players succumbed early in the siege; the other, with three bullets in his body, continued to sound his puny trumpet until he fell fainting into the burning ruins. The giddy, thoughtless impracticable but heroic widow, showed that she did not shrink from danger. She determined to enter Nantes, and to go in the dress of a peasant girl. She was attended only by a Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, who also assumed the dress of a *paysanne*, and by M. de Menars, who was disguised as a farmer. They had fifteen miles to travel. This was on the 16th of June, 1832. After an hour's pedestrianism, the clumsy hobnailed shoes and coarse woollen stockings worn by the Duchess, so galled her feet that she pulled them off, put them into the large pocket of her linsey petticoat, and, like an Irish colleen, continued her march barefooted. But she reflected that the aristocratic whiteness of her lower limbs might betray her; so she picked up a handful of mud, and stained her symmetrical supports therewith. Nantes was reached at last, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings. After crossing the Pont Pyrmile, she found herself in the midst of a detachment of troops, commanded by an officer of the ex-body guard of Charles X., whose face was perfectly familiar to her. She passed, however, unrecognised—perchance the ex-Garde du Corps did not care about recognising her—when, in the Place du Rouffai, somebody tapped her on the shoulder. It was an old apple woman who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable to replace it on his head. "My

good girls," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, "help me to pick up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple." Marie Caroline seized one handle of the panner, made a sign to her companion to take the other, and the burden was speedily placed in equilibrium on the old woman's head. She got her apple, and while she was munching it read very placidly a proclamation, signed by the Ministers of the Interior and of War, placing four departments of La Vendée in a state of siege, besides setting a heavy price on her own head. Not caring to trust herself just then to the tender mercies of Louis Philippe, the Duchess consented to go into hiding. An asylum was found for her at the house of a Legitimist lady named Deguigny, who hid her in a garret on the third floor, having a "priest's" hole, so to speak, in case of need; being a recess within an angle formed by a chimney. An iron plate at the back of the grate was the entrance to the hiding-place, and was opened by a spring. In this wretched room Marie Caroline remained until the month of October. She and M. de Menars re-papered the garret, covering it with a gay and flowery pattern devised between them. The Duchesse de Berri was betrayed by a horrible apostate named Deutz, to whom she had stood sponsor on his "conversion" to Christianity, to whom she had been exceedingly kind, and who had been recommended to her by Pope Gregory XVI, as a person that she could safely trust. This Judas wormed himself into her secrets, and was her go-between and confidential man. He went to the Ministry of the Interior, and sold the secret of his benefactress's hiding-place to M. Thiers for two hundred and fifty thousand francs. There is a story that the infamous bargain was struck on a dark and stormy night in the Champs Elysées—little Monsieur Thiers, wrapped in a very large cloak, leaning against a tree while Deutz whispered into his greedy but revolted ear the fatal address, "Numero Trois, Rue-Neuve du Chateau, Nantes." There was a report also that the man had demanded, in addition to the blood-money, the cross of the Legion of Honour; but at that request the conscience of M. Thiers stuck. It is somewhat consolatory to remark that Simon Deutz took to imbibing absinthe; was drunk night and day in the novel he occupied at Belleville, where the *chiffonniers*, when they met him, used to spit at him; and that he died intoxicated, in horrible agonies. M. Thiers, at all events, had got the precious address; and General Dermoncourt was ordered to surround the house in the Rue-Neuve du Chateau with a strong body of troops. The fugitives, M. de Menars and de Guibourg, and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec, had barely time to enter the "priest's" hole. The Duchess was the last to conceal herself, observing with a smile, when her companions offered her precedence, that in a retreat "le général est toujours le dernier." She was in the act of closing the iron plate of the chimney when the soldiers entered the room. Now, Deutz did not know of the existence of this hole; and for many hours soldiers, gendarmes, police-spies, architects, and masons were all baffled. The search was protracted until a late hour in the night; and then General Dermoncourt and the Prefect of the Department went away; taking care, however, to leave sentries in every room of the mansion. Two gendarmes were placed on guard in the room where there was the recess behind the chimney. Meanwhile the luckless prisoners had remained perfectly still in a small closet only three feet and a half long, and eighteen inches wide at one extremity, but diminishing gradually to eight or ten inches at the other. In this exiguous slice of space they suffered frightful tortures; the gentlemen in particular, being taller than the two ladies, had scarcely room to stand upright, even by placing their heads between the rafters. The Duchess never complained. At dead of night the cold was so piercing that one of the gendarmes stationed in the room went downstairs and returned with some dried turf, and in ten minutes a beautiful fire was burning on the hearth. At first the prisoners, who were half frozen in their concealment, hailed the change of temperature as a boon; but it grew hotter and hotter. The iron chimney-plate was tending towards a red heat. Meanwhile the gendarmes recommenced their search, and began to batter at the walls and ceiling with pickaxes and crowbars. The noise nearly deafened the poor little half-roasted Duchess; yet so unconquerable was her gaiety that she could not help laughing at the barrack-room jests of the policemen. They enjoyed a short respite from their torture when the gendarmes going to sleep, towards five in the morning, the fire burnt low and the chimney-plate grew cool. But dire agony awaited them. One of the police agents woke up, and proceeded to feed the flickering fire with a quantity of old numbers of *La Quotidienne*, which happened to be in the garret. The fumes from the burning paper penetrated through the chinks of the wall of the chimney, and all but suffocated the Duchess and her friends. Again the chimney-plate grew red-hot. Twice the Duchess's dress caught fire, and she burnt her hands sorely in crushing out the flame. In her agitation she pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the iron chimney panel gaped a little. Mademoiselle de Kersabiec immediately stretched forth her hand to close the aperture; but a turf sod rolling back as the plate moved, attracted the notice of one of the gendarmes. The honest fellow fancied that there were rats in the wall of the chimney. He awoke his comrade, and the pair placed themselves with drawn sabres on either side of the chimney, waiting to cut down the first rat that appeared. The Duchess by this time was in *extremis*, half-choked, half-roasted, and

her dress again ablaze. M. de Menars at last received a sign from the fainting lady, and kicked open the accursed iron plate. "Qui vive?" yelled the gendarmes, starting back in affright. "C'est moi," was the reply, as the captive strode over the blazing hearth. "Je suis la Duchesse de Berri." The remainder of the Duchesse de Berri's story belongs not to Romance, but to History of the plainest and, in some respects, of the unpleasantest nature. Her captivity in the Castle of Blaye, and its attendant circumstances, reflect discredit, less politically than personally, on Louis Philippe, who used his fair and brave, though erring, kinswoman in the shabbiest manner possible. It does not matter now. Louis Philippe sleeps at Claremont; Marie Caroline in the vault of the Capuchins' Church at Goritz; and Fusion and Reconciliation reign among their descendants.

#### MR. CAUDLE'S BREAKFAST TALK.

It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have not been married four weeks—I don't see what you have to sigh about—and yet you can't make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I am not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman; for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only lays down his finger.

You didn't think I could be so brutal? That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tumbour-work and such trumpery. You can make butterflied on kettle-holders, but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner-roll. I did think you must have seen that. I did hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject—but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

And what a herring! And you call it a bloater I suppose. Ha! there was a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature! she's here no longer. You wish she was? Oh, I understand that.

I'm sure if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. "When I'm gone, Caudle," she used to say, "then you'll know the wife I was to you." And I do know it.

Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the servant. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people; if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

There you are with your pocket handkerchief again; the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. A pretty honeymoon! Honeymoon! Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There are feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

No; I think I have put up with your neglect long enough; and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow—and if you insult me with a herring like that—and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns—why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to move me, but when I'm up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

Where did I put my gloves? You don't know? Of course not, you know nothing.

GLASGOW.—Glasgow is a self-made city, and a city of self-made men. It is socially democratic, though it has lately been growing politically Conservative, and the tendency of material prosperity is naturally towards costly display. The ordinary pursuits of the inhabitants do not run exactly in the line of intellectual study, and they certainly cannot be accused of academical affectations. The flutter of red gowns has been transferred from the old town to the new; but the University remains, as before, a sort of High School, without the discipline of masters. By an odd custom, however, eminent statesmen continue to deliver grave addresses to a rabble of noisy schoolboys who pass by the name of "nations." It has lately become fashionable among the upper classes to attend, or at least to subscribe to, a course of scientific or literary lectures; and all classes have a more genuine passion for good music. There are frequently cheap and excellent concerts in the public halls, while the local aristocracy enjoy their own exclusiveness at private residences or subscription concerts, which are kept very select, and are sometimes given in a church. The traditions of austere Presbyterianism are opposed to the stage, but though the theatre is little frequented except by the lower classes, Italian operas having the stamp of fashion, are assumed to be quite compatible with a severe piety. Social enjoyments are, indeed, chiefly of a domestic order. On the whole, Glasgow possesses the attributes of an energetic, thriving, and wealthy community, which, as its prosperity increases, will no doubt be more disposed to cultivate the amenities and refinements of life. In its justness and prosperity, however, it does not apparently forget that it is only a city of mortals, though no doubt mortals of a very superior order.



## LOVE'S MARTYR.

It seems but yesterday, with bounding tread,  
She sprang before me like a woodland fay,  
While her rich voice enamored echo fed  
With the blithe music of her simple lay.  
But passion came to her green solitude,  
And soon her carol faded to a sigh;  
She could not tell her love when all unwooded,  
So drank it with her soul, and then lay down to die.

Peace to thy grave, young purity. Night's tears,  
Shed when the stars shine through them as they fall,  
Shall keep it verdant; in thy girlhood's years  
Hast thou been gathered to the shroud and pall.

But what God wills, He also sanctifies—  
And oh, perchance, His mercy most He shows  
When what He doth seems doubtful in our eyes.  
'Tis better far life's book should early close,  
Than when its every page is blotted o'er with woes.

## FROM THE DEAD.

In 1770, at Versailles, lived the Marquis of Charnay—a gallant nobleman—who, forty-five years before, had been one of the young pages of Louis XV. The Marquis, in his youth, had been one of the most dissipated nobles of the court. He had been a favorite with all the various mistresses of his sovereign; had been a friend of Madame de Pompadour, and a follower of Dubarry; and having grown gray in pursuit of pleasure, grew weary of the chase, and reformed.

By way of alleviating the hardships of reformation, he married a young and beautiful woman, whose union with so venerable a spouse afforded much merriment to the court of that excellent monarch, Louis XV., who, like his subject, had grown old, but unlike him, had not grown virtuous.

Doubtless the Marquis ran the same risk as all men who mate their bleak December with beauteous May; but he was still handsome, accomplished, and witty, and, to gain the affection of his young wife, he was determined to put forth all his attractions.

Happily for him, she was disposed to be pleased; and he, being neither jealous nor careless, succeeded in inspiring her, if not with passionate love, with a sincere and respectful attachment. He made no stern regulations for her deportment; she was allowed to receive visitors without restraint, and the Hotel de Charnay was as attractive as youth, beauty, wealth, and station could make it, while the tone of the society that frequented its mistress was in perfect harmony with the age and dignity of her husband.

Among the lordlings admitted to the Hotel de Charnay was the Baron de Breteuil, a young officer who was just making his entrance into society, and who, for the very reason that he had no record wherewith to frighten the scruples of a woman of principle, was the very sort of a man (should he undertake to grow sentimental) that might also grow to be dangerous.

He was tall and graceful, had melancholy eyes, conversed in melodious demi-tones, and was given to gentle pressures of the hands. The Marquis de Charnay saw with terror that the young officer was falling in love with his wife; and his heart beat with apprehension, when following this discovery, he perceived that the Marchioness was losing her appetite and her *embonpoint*, and was looking weary and dispirited. Her husband was quite as much concerned at her dejection as at his suspicions of its cause. He was just as anxious to make her happy as to be happy himself.

After revolving in his head fifty schemes, each one leaving him more perplexed than before, he conceived the novel idea of making an appeal to De Breteuil, and, by a generous candor, awaken a reciprocal generosity in the heart of the young man himself.

With this intention he drove to the Baron's lodging. He had just finished the elaborate toilet with which he was accustomed to arm himself for conquest in his daily visits to the Hotel de Charnay, and, in the fullness of satisfaction, was thinking he was more attractive and melancholy looking than usual.

"Mr. de Breteuil," began the Marquis, "you are falling in love with my wife. You are violating the sanctity of a happy home, and, in the thoughtlessness of youth are perilling the happiness of an excellent and virtuous woman. Were I a younger man, my tone would be different, perhaps; but I have lost my agility as a swordsman, sir, and cannot measure weapons with you. The years that have robbed me of strength, however, have taught me, I hope, discretion. My dear wife's home shall be compromised by no word or act of mine; be you equally generous, and spare her reputation by leaving this place at once. Join your regiment at Stenay, and let me owe to your honor the restoration of my domestic happiness."

Instead of denying his love for the Marchioness, and swearing, after the manner of the gallants of the day, that he never had presumed to give her a thought, De Breteuil burst into tears, vowed that he loved her to distraction, and poured the whole story of his passion into the ears of the astonished husband.

"What!" sobbed he, "ask me to banish myself from her presence! Why, banishment to me were death! What to me are fame, or honor? What care I for my regiment? The world contains but one being for me—life but

one aim. To breathe the air that she breathes—to die at her feet! I ask but that one sad privilege. Do not deny me so small a boon."

This was the very last thing the Marquis expected to hear. In spite of his own vexation, he felt sorry for De Breteuil, for, being very young, he was very much in earnest, and was fully persuaded at that very moment that simultaneous with a separation from Madame de Charnay would be the sundering of his soul from his body.

"Nevertheless," thought De Charnay, "the separation must take place;" and feeling that words would be wasted upon such a moon-struck oddity, he contented himself with forbidding De Breteuil the house, and returned home to see what effect he could have upon the Marchioness.

He came upon her in her boudoir, half-sitting, half-lying upon the downy cushions of a satin lounge, the very counterpart of Smindyrides and his bed of rose leaves. Those of his wife, De Charnay saw, were very much crumpled, indeed, so he began his task with all possible gentleness.

With consummate tact he led the conversation to the subject of De Breteuil; wondered at his frequent visits; spoke of the imprudence of those married women who suffered one man to be more attentive to them than others; and finally drew from his pretty Marchioness the confession that De Breteuil had addressed her several notes.

Madame de Charnay was quite young and thoughtless; but she was a woman of principle. She had allowed herself to grow sentimental over the plaints of this interesting youth, and was just on the brink of that pity which is akin to love. Her husband's words startled her from her perilous state, and she had scarcely time to shudder before the prospect of misery that another step would have opened upon her, before she felt her heart leap with joy for the timely deliverance that came through the ministrations of her wise and sagacious husband.

"Would you object to show me those notes?" asked he.

"No, Marquis," replied she, blushing; "I ought to have shown them to you unbidden. But I was so embarrassed lest I should bring trouble upon you, and my heart bled for that unhappy young man."

She had risen meanwhile; and after a few moments' search in her dainty *escritoire* of ebony and ivory, she drew forth a velvet portfolio, and from its rose-scented pockets took the notes of the love-sick Captain.

De Charnay unfolded them, and began to read. They were burning with love, but with love that professed to have no hope of return; and, as a matter of course, the despairing adorer—who never, never could overcome his unfortunate passion—had no alternative left him. He must put an end to his life.

While De Charnay was reading these precious effusions, his young Marchioness looked on, pale and trembling. It was clear that she, at least, had full faith in De Breteuil's menaces of suicide; and that which most excited her interest in the affair, and was therefore likely to be most dangerous to her peace of mind, was her compassion for his excess of love—a love that was to be the cause of death and convert her into a *quasi* murderer.

"He will kill himself!" exclaimed she, looking piteously at her husband.

"Possibly," responded De Charnay, with the utmost composure. "But," continued he with a smile that was utterly at variance with the import of his words, "you must die before him."

The Marchioness started. "Gracious heaven!" cried she, "what can you mean?"

"I mean," replied the Marquis, "that you have suddenly grown ill; that in a few hours you will become a corpse, and, finally, that the day after to-morrow you will be dead."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young creature, "I have not deserved this at your hands, Monsieur. I have never spoken or written a word that could compromise me to Mr. de Breteuil, and I swear before heaven that the letters I gave you were the only ones that I ever received from him. Why, then, are his sins to be so heavily visited on my head?"

"I see no other way of escape from the predicament in which he has placed me," was the reply of the Marquis. "But calm your fears, Eugenie; you are about to simulate death, but not to die in reality. I see, my poor girl, that this fellow has touched your fancy. You are good and loyal, but this confounded fop has managed to make you, if not unhappy, at least melancholy. You are sprightliness and languid, and your life is less bright than it was a few months ago. My remedy, I think, will restore you to health and happiness. Will you trust your case to me?"

"I will," said she, extending her hand.

"Then, to-night, I will send you, under the charge of a confidential servant, to my brother's estate in Touraine. There you will be treated with consideration, and permitted to associate with the gentry of the neighborhood on two conditions. One is that you will bear another name, and call yourself Mme. Adrien; and the other is that you will neither write to Versailles nor receive any letters therefrom."

"You will not write to me yourself?"

"No, my love; my letters would have no interest for you, for in them I would certainly not mention De Breteuil's name."

"How long—" began she.

"I cannot say; but I think that your exile may last four or five months."

"Good heavens! What am I to do all these months!"

"Remember that you are under no restraint. You can visit and be visited; you can draw and paint; you can study and improve your mind. You are under one restriction only—that of being cut off from communication with Versailles. Now, if these conditions are too onerous, I have but one alternative."

"What is that?"

"I must run De Breteuil through the body."

"God forbid! But he will die of grief."

"Better die of grief than die by my hand and ruin your reputation, Eugenie."

"So be it, then," sighed the young Marchioness, "You promise me on your honor that I am not sent away for an indefinite period?"

"I promise on my honor that you shall return home in—let me see—in less than four months."

So the Marchioness left Versailles that night, and on the morrow De Charnay appeared at court, and mentioned the fact of his wife being seriously indisposed. The next day she was worse, and the following night she died.

The Marquis and his household went in deep mourning, and a splendid funeral cortege left the Hotel Charnay to carry the body of the Marchioness to the family vault, some distance from Versailles.

A few days later De Charnay received a visit of condolence from De Breteuil. The former, of course, saw nobody, but he did for his wife's lover more than he had done for anybody else—he wrote him a letter.

"I was exceedingly fond of my wife," said he in his missive; "but honor, to me, is a deeper sentiment than the love of woman. I can, therefore, bear my loss with the calm regret of a man of mature age, whose happiness has been endangered by that which would have been a far heavier blow than the death of the beloved object. As for you, however, whose passion was beyond all bounds of principle, and beyond all love of life; who lived but to breathe the air she breathed, and longed for death when I asked you to cease your visits to my house, I am in hourly expectation of hearing that you have put an end to your intolerable existence. And let me add that my deceased wife departed this life in the full conviction that you would very, very shortly follow her."

"Poor De Breteuil!" said the courtiers of the *Ceil de Bœuf* to each other; "to think of his losing that beautiful creature just as she was about to fall into his arms!"

Three months went by, and the Marquis de Charnay decided that it was time to terminate his wife's exile. She resuscitated at midnight; he met her at the *porte cochère*, and giving her his arm led her to her boudoir, and seated her on the satin lounge.

"You look well, Eugenie, and prettier than ever,"

"Unfortunate De Breteuil!" was the reply of his wife. "Since you recall me, I need not ask what has been his fate. He is dead!"

The Marquis drew from his pocket a tablet.

"Here," said he, "recorded for your special benefit, is a memorandum of his sayings and doings since your demise. On the day of your funeral, dined with several *mousquetaires*, comrades of his, at the *Trois Pommes*. They all drank to the repose of your soul, and Breteuil was in ecstasies at the magnificence of the coffin and hearse. He thought I had displayed both taste and liberality in the arrangement of the obsequies. Two days after I wrote him an appeal, in which I proved that it had become his duty to commit suicide. I told him that you had not precisely commanded him to die, but I knew you would be disappointed if he did not. To this letter I received no reply, for De Breteuil had already gone to Paris to make the acquaintance of a dashing opera girl, for whom he committed so many follies that, between the cashmere and diamonds which he lavished on Mademoiselle and his losses at cards, he was minus three thousand louis in less than a fortnight."

"Now, de Breteuil, as you know, is not rich; and as this damage to his purse had to be replaced, he cast about him to find a young lady who would exchange some of her superfluous cash for his name and good-looking person. You see that after all he was a sensible fellow, amenable to reason. He found that sentiment was unprofitable, so he abjured it, and has replaced it by a *mariage de convenance* with one of your own kinswomen. I have recalled you from your tomb my dear Eugenie, to sign his marriage contract. Moreover, I was dying to see you again, for I bore your loss with far less philosophy than De Breteuil has done."

The Marchioness threw herself into her husband's arms and thanked him from her heart for his tender treatment of her first folly. "And I may securely promise that it shall be my last, for your noble conduct has won from me a warmer feeling that I had supposed could possibly exist in my heart for a man so much older than myself. My dear excellent husband, fear nothing ever more for me. I am too truly yours to be caught in such a snare again."

"My dearest," replied De Charnay, "when a woman is as truly loved as you are, and is gifted by nature with a soul like yours, she need never fear for her honor, provided she gives her confidence to her husband. Had you acted otherwise than you have done, your reputation would have been injured, your life blasted, and De Breteuil would have been talking lightly of his fancy for that poor Eugenie de Charnay. As it is, nobody has suffered. I have you back again, and my happiness is to-day without a flaw."

"All very well, sir," said the Marchioness

gayly; "but you forget that I am dead and buried. How, in the name of all that is spectral, am I to be born again to the world of Versailles and the court of France?"

"Ah, well, I have a friend at court who, after blaming me for marrying a youthful beauty, was magnanimous enough to forego the pleasure of saying, 'I told you so!' and to uphold me in the hour of need. The King, with whom years ago I have gotten into many a scrape, knows all about your pretended death, and burial."

"The King knows all about it!" echoed Eugenie.

"Of course he does, my dearest. How otherwise could I have carried out the stratagem? Do you suppose that any man in France is bold enough to make way with one of his Majesty's subjects as I did, without being open to suspicion? I was obliged to have royalty for my confidant, that I might kill and bury my wife with impunity. You know that in my youth I was one of those *vauriens* called pages to the King. Many are the tricks I have played with Louis for an accomplice; this one, I presume, will be the last; but I think I may flatter myself that it is, also, my best."

Eugenie laughed heartily, and at the *petit souper* that was shortly afterwards served up to herself and her husband she was as merry as a lark. She was resolved, however, to be revenged on De Breteuil.

The next day was to witness the signing of the marriage contract. De Breteuil was in the act of rising with his *fiancée* to approach the table, when the folding-doors of the state-drawing-room were flung wide open and a lackey announced—

"The Marquis and Marchioness de Charnay!"

At the sound of her name, De Breteuil gave a start, dropped the hand of his betrothed, and gazed in speechless terror at the vision of his lost love. But no spectral figure robed in white met his eye; the lady that leaned on De Charnay's arm was corporeal, tangible, and elegantly dressed in the prevailing fashion of the living. More beautiful than ever (for country air always improves a city belle), Eugenie came forward smiling, and to all the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of her friends, and to the exclamation of the company in general as to her sudden death and burial, she raised her pretty shoulders and pointed to her husband.

"It was agreed upon between the Marchioness and myself."

"But why, why such a compact?" was the cry.

"Ah, ladies and gentlemen, that is a family secret, and cannot be divulged."

There was a great rejoicing over Eugenie's resurrection, and people were, of course, all curious to hear the news from Hades. In the midst of the hilarity to which her adventure had given rise, she found an opportunity to speak to De Breteuil.

She handed him his three notes, and said: "Would you, too, like to hear from beyond the tomb? Those contain all the news I gathered there, and when you have seen their contents, you will acknowledge they were not worth the trouble they have given me."

Of course the Marchioness de Charnay had to be presented again at court. Nobody being in the secret of her disappearance except the king and De Breteuil, it remained a secret, for the latter was quite as much interested in keeping the affair quiet as any one of the party.

The marriage of De Charnay proved after all a happy one. His lovely young wife became deeply attached to him and invulnerable to the blandishments of all other men. But in spite of her youth and her roseate health, she became an object of great terror to the inhabitants of Versailles. They had seen her coffin and her funeral obsequies, and they never could persuade themselves that she had not arisen from the dead. To them she was a ghost to the end of her days, and her spirit never was laid until the French monarchy perished and the French nobility were swept from the face of the earth.

## THE DREAM WOMAN.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

The following is the story of the Dream Woman, as read by Mr. Wilkie Collins at the Boston Music Hall on Thursday evening last:

The Dream Woman, in four narratives. Dramatis Personæ—Mr. Percy Fairbanks, an English gentleman; Mrs. Fairbanks, his wife; Alicia Warlock, the dream woman; Francis Raven, the groom; Rygobaud, a servant; M. Bernell, proprietor of a vineyard. The scenes partly in England and partly in France.

First narrative—conducted by Percy Fairbanks, an English gentleman who resides the greater part of his time in Farleigh Hall, England, but is obliged, in connection with his business, to make occasional visits to France. Mr. Fairbanks is travelling with his wife at the time the scene opens. One of his horses has fallen lame on the road, and what is to be done? They look around them, but see no signs of human habitation. There is a hill before; they ride to the top of this and see a town on the other side; it is the town of Underbridge, composed of one muddy street on which is situated the Eagle Inn. Leaving him in charge of the horses, Mrs. Fairbanks saunters down the yard, opens the door and peeps in.

Mr. Fairbanks is on the point of calling the hostler, when he hears Mrs. Fairbanks's voice. Mrs. Fairbanks, it seems, has opened the last door at the end of the yard, and there she sees a



strange sight—a dingy stable, and in one corner horses munching hay, and in another a man breathing convulsively. She calls to him, "Wake up! wake up!" but he only stirs restlessly in his sleep. While she watches him, he mutters as if some vision was passing across his troubled brain. "Fair hair with yellow in it; gray eyes, with a droop in the left eyelid; little hands plumed around the nails; a knife with a buckhorn handle—murder, murder!" Then he stops; grows restless. When he speaks again his tone is altered; "Say, you lovely being, I am so fond of you." The words die on his lips; he speaks no more. Mrs. Fairbanks gets over her first terror, excited by his words, and calls her husband, tells him what she has heard, and gives her opinion that there has been a murder committed, and requests him to go and get help. Just as he, yielding to her solicitations, is on the point of going, he stumbles on a stranger at the stable door; a man with a bald head and surly manner, who turns out to be the landlord of the inn. "Good morning," he says; "I am a little hard of hearing; say, did you call?" Mr. Fairbanks's wife interposes: "Who is that man asleep on the straw? Did he fall in love with a murderess? Did she stab him or not?" The old fellow waits till she's done, and then says: "His name is Francis Raven, forty-five years of age his last birthday; he is my brother." The landlord then enters the stable and stirs the man up as if he were a wild beast. The man looks around him with a horrid glare of suspicion at first, and then becomes calm. They question him; ask him why he was asleep at that time of day. He replies that he was tired, and tired out. "Tired out, eh? hard work, I suppose?" "No, sir." "Well, what then? Up all night? Nothing going on in this town; is there anybody ill?" "Nobody ill, sir." And they can get nothing more from him. Mrs. Fairbanks is not satisfied; her curiosity is aroused; and, as he is to be their driver, she places her husband behind, and takes a seat beside the driver, and during the journey succeeds in getting from the man his story. But now let Francis Raven tell his own story.

This is the story of Francis Raven—the second narrative: It is now ten years ago since I got the great warning of my life. Suppose yourself in a little cottage with me and my mother. We were talking about a great journey I was to take the next morning—the morning before my birthday—to a neighbouring town, to get a place. My mother was dead set against this. "You cannot walk there and back again by night," she said; "you will have to sleep away from home on your birthday." I, however, held to my opinion, and set out the next morning, calling out as I leave, "I will get back in time for my birthday, never fear." It was then the last day of February. Be pleased to remember that the 1st of March was my birthday, and two o'clock in the morning the hour of my birth. I will tell you what happened on my journey. I reached the house and made application for the place, but found I had been anticipated and the place was already taken. Swallowing my disappointment, I made some inquiries at the inn and found that I could save some time by taking another route back. I started, but a storm came up, and I lost my way and was forced to take refuge at an inn. Here I will say that I am a temperate man, and my supper that night consisted solely of a slice of bread and a small glass of wine. Nothing was said at the time which could in any way excite my mind; nothing to excite my mind to play tricks with my common sense. I got ready for bed, the wind was still, the storm had subsided; I read for some time by candle-light, and finally fell asleep. The next thing that I was conscious of I was wide awake, with a terrible shivering fit upon me, and a horrible sinking at my heart. My candle had burned low in its socket, and the last part of the wick had just fallen off, and there, between the foot of the bed and the closed door of the room, was a woman, standing and looking fixedly at me with a knife in her hand. I was struck speechless with terror. There the woman stood, with the knife in her hand, her eyes fixed upon me. She said nothing, but moved slowly towards the bed. I saw a fair, fine woman with light grey eyes, with a droop in the left eyelid, and a knife with a buckhorn handle. She came round to the side of the bed without any change in the stony expression of her face; came nearer, nearer, with the knife raised to stab. As I saw it coming I jerked to the other side of the bed just as the knife descended. She drew the knife slowly out of the bed with her delicate white hands, with a flush under the finger nails. She went to the foot of the bed, stood there a moment, and then passed round to the other side and again struck at me. It was a large knife—such as men use to cut bread with—handle of buckhorn, and looked as good as new. A second time she drew the knife out of the bed, and hid it in the sleeve of her gown. At that moment the wick fell, there was a moment of darkness, and the woman with the knife was gone. When I came to myself, my heart was beating violently, and I cried out, Wake up! wake up! murder! murder! I groped around the room and found the door: it was locked. Could she have come in at the window? That was locked too. Then the landlord came with a gun and a light. "What is it?" he said. I told him there was a woman in the room with a knife in her hand. He looked at me a moment and then said, coldly, "Well, she seems to have missed you." I told him to look at the bed. He went, and came back in a passion; there was no such thing as a cut of the knife on the bed. "What do you mean?" he said, "by a woman with a knife trying to stab you! Ho! ho! it was a woman seen in a dream!"

What, a dream woman tried to stab me, not a living woman, not a living human being like myself! Horror got hold of me, and I left the house and rushed out into the rain and home, and hardly knew how. I told my mother all that had happened. She asked me what time it was when I saw the woman. Allowing for the time it took me to get home, it must have been at two o'clock in the morning—the morning of my birthday; and at the very hour of my birth. My mother opened her desk and said: "Tell me, my son, what she looked like." I described her fully, as I have already described her to you—the light gray eyes with the droop in the left eyelid, and the knife with the buckhorn handle. My mother wrote it down carefully and put it away in her desk. This is the story of the warning. Now judge whether it is true or false when you know what happened on the next birthday: The night preceding my next birthday found me at the surgery, in quest of medicine for my mother. While it was being prepared, a young woman entered the room and asked for laudanum. The doctor refused to sell her any, and I, fearing she intended to poison herself, against the advice of the doctor, followed her out and questioned her. She confessed the desperate straits to which she was reduced, and I—well, in a word, I fell madly in love with her, took her home with me, and, after a short time, married her, against the advice of my mother, who thought she recognized in her "The Dream Woman." Her name was Alicia Warlock. Time passed on and she turned out to be a drunkard. Mother died, and my wife, in a state of intoxication, insisted on attending the funeral. I got angry with her, and in a fit of rage I struck her. When I returned from the funeral I found her awaiting me with a terribly calm and fixed expression upon her face. "No man has ever struck me before," she said; "my husband shall never have another opportunity." She shut the door, and I saw her go up the street. All that night I watched, but no one came. The next time my slumbers were undisturbed; but on the seventh night I awoke again with that strange sinking at my heart. I looked and there was the dream-woman again? No; but my own wife, with her arm raised in the attitude of the dream. I sprang for her, but she hid the knife in her sleeve, a knife with a buckhorn handle. It was all I could do to keep from dropping on the floor. "You meant to kill me," I said. "Yes," she replied, "I did want to kill you with that knife." I do not know what possessed me, but I acted like a coward and fell down, like a woman in a swoon. When I came to, the knife was nowhere to be seen; she had probably taken it with her. I opened the window; a policeman was going by. I asked him what time it was. Two o'clock, he replied. Two o'clock in the morning; it was my birthday. The connection with the dream was complete. There was not a link wanting. That was my second warning. Since then I have lived round from place to place, waiting for my next birthday, which I fear is to be the day of my death. My wife is looking for me. I don't believe in dreams. I only say that Alicia Warlock is looking for me. I may be wrong, and may be right; which of you can tell? This is the end of the second narrative.

The third narrative is by Percy Fairbanks who continues the story. He tells how he talked the matter over with his wife, and she desiring very much to have the servant in their employ till his next birthday, so that she might see what would happen, he yielded, and they took him with them into the south of France. Shortly before the time of his next birthday he was so unfortunate as to have his leg broken by the kick of a horse and he was laid up in consequence. The hostler was looking forward with much anxiety to the 1st of March, his birthday, and Mr. Fairbanks tried in vain to comfort him. The physician suggested that if the groom did not know that in that year, leap year, February had twenty-nine days, he would have the climax of his fear at the wrong time. This turned out to be the case, and Mr. Fairbanks went to him on the morning of the 29th and rallied him on the groundlessness of his alarm, but the man only gave him a strange look and said that something was wrong.

At the time that the hostler was laid up, Mr. Fairbanks was driven, in consequence, to employ a French groom named Joseph Rygobaud. This man was left in charge of the hostler during the night preceding the 1st of March; and the testimony of this man before the Judge forms the fourth and concluding narrative. His testimony: I am thirty-two years old, a groom in the service of Mr. Fairbanks; remember the 27th of February of this year; I was on that day in the city of Metz, and there I met a charming lady. She was English, but could speak French as well as a native; the result of our interview was that she would meet me at the Maison Rouge at ten o'clock, when the other servants had retired. She came, and I received her at supper in the room adjoining the apartment where the hostler was lying. As we were sitting down to supper, the sick man called out to me by name, and at the sound of his voice the lady became very much excited and inquired his name, and what was the matter with him. On my telling her, she made me take her down stairs, and show her which horse it was that had broken her brother's leg; and when I had told her she kissed him. Then she ran back up stairs, and I stayed to lock the stable. When I came up, I found the woman at the door of the sick man's room; I went in, and found the man in a very excited condition, and he implored me not to leave him. He made

such a noise that I went and got some handkerchiefs and gagged him. Then I heard my mistress call and I went away, and left the woman there and the man thus bound. My mistress wanted to know how the man was getting along, and if anything had happened. I said, "Nothing whatever, ma'am. If he is not disturbed he will fall into a good sleep."

I was on my way back to the room when I heard a sound like the creaking of a door on its hinges. I looked and found the west door open. I supposed it was the wind. I shut it and went to look for the English woman, but I could not find her. I then went to the door of the hostler's room and listened. There was not a sound. I called, but there was no answer. A dim presentiment of evil came over me. I opened the door and looked in. I noticed something dark creeping in a crevice of the floor near the door. I examined it close. The dark moving object was a stream of blood. I rushed into the room and saw the Englishman stabbed in the head and heart; there was a knife lying near with a buckhorn handle. Have you anything more to tell me? asked the Judge. No, nothing, said the trembling man, except that I am innocent. Oh, Judge, don't send me to trial for murder! Upon this the Judge closed the examination, and the prisoner was carried to his cell.

Percy Fairbanks then concludes. Joseph Rygobaud was tried and found innocent. Of the woman, Alicia Warlock, nothing more was heard and it remains doubtful whether she died by drowning, as they traced her tracks near the river, or not. At any rate, she was never seen again. Thus the "Dream Woman" passes from your view. Was she a ghost, a spirit or a living woman? What was it? Remember that dreams are around you on every side, and the greatest of poets has written,

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

### MY CAPTAIN.

One fine evening in the month of July, an old soldier of the "Grande Armée," who had left one of his arms on the field of battle, was seated at the door of his pretty cottage. He was surrounded by a group of young villagers, who were clamorously reminding him of his promise to tell them some of his military adventures. After a moment of pretended resistance to their wishes, the old man took his pipe from his mouth, passed the back of his remaining hand across his lips, and thus commenced his tale:

"In my time, my friends, the French would have disdained to fight against Frenchmen in the street, as they do in these days. No, no! when we fought, it was for the honor of France and against her foreign enemies. But my story commences on the 6th of November, 1812, a short time after the battle of Wiazma. We beat a retreat, not before the Russians, for they were at a respectable distance from our camp, but before the sharp and bitter cold of their detestable country—a cold more terrible to us than the Russians, Austrians, and Bavarians all put together.

"During the preceding days our officers had told to us that we were approaching Smolensko, where we should get food, fire, brandy, and shoes; but in the meantime we were perishing in the glaciers, and continually harassed by the Cossacks. We had marched for six hours without stopping to take breath, for we knew that repose was certain death. An icy wind blew the drifting snow in our faces, and from time to time we stumbled over the frozen corpse of a comrade. We neither spoke nor sang; even complaints were no longer heard, and that was a bad sign. I marched by the side of my captain; short, strongly built, rough and severe, but brave and true as the blade of his sword. We called him 'Captain Obstinate,' for when once he said a thing it was fixed; he never changed his opinions. He had been wounded at Wiazma, and his usually crimson face was then ghastly pale, while a ragged white handkerchief, all stained with blood, was bound round his head, and added to the pallor of his countenance. All at once I saw him stagger on his legs like a drunken man, then fall like a block to the ground.

"Mortbleu, captain," said I, bending over him, 'you cannot remain here.'

"You see that I can, since I do it," replied he, showings his legs.

"Captain," said I, 'you must not give way,' lifting him in my arms, I tried to put him on his feet. He leaned on me, and attempted to walk, but in vain; he fell again, dragging me with him.

"Jobbin," said he, 'all his over. Leave me here, and rejoin your company as quickly as possible. One word before you go—at Voreppe, near Grenoble, lives a good woman, eighty-two years of age, my—my mother. Go and see her, embrace her for me, and tell her that—that—tell her what you will, but give her this purse and my cross. It is all I have! Now go.'

"Is that all, Captain?"

"That is all. God bless you! Make haste! Adieu! My friends, I do not know how it was, but I felt two tears roll down my cheeks.

"No, Captain," I cried, 'I will not leave you; either you come with me, or I will remain with you.'

"I forbid you to remain."

"You may place me under arrest, then, if you like, but at present you must let me do as I please."

"You are an insolent fellow."

"Very good, Captain, but you must come with me." He bit his lips with rage, but said no more. I lifted him and carried him on my shoulders like a sack. You can easily imagine that with such a burden I could not keep pace with my comrades. In fact, I soon lost sight of their columns, and could discern nothing around me but the white and silent plain. I still walked on, when presently appeared a troop of Cossacks galloping towards me, with furious gesticulations and wild cries.

"The captain was by this time completely insensible, and I resolved, whatever it might cost me, not to abandon him. I laid him down on the ground, and covered him with snow; then, I crept beneath a heap of dead bodies, leaving, however, my eyes at liberty. Presently the Cossacks came up and began to strike with their lances right and left, while their horses trampled us under their feet. One of these heavy beasts set his foot upon my right arm and crushed it. My friends, I did not speak, I did not stir. I put my right hand into my mouth to stifle the cry of torture which nearly escaped from me, and in a few minutes the Cossacks had disappeared.

"When the last of them had disappeared, I quitted my refuge and proceeded to disinter the captain. To my joy he gave some signs of life; I contrived to carry him with my one arm towards a rock which offered a sort of shelter, and then I laid myself by his side, wrapping my cloak around us both.

"The night had closed and the snow continued to fall.

"The rear-guard had long since disappeared, and the only sound that broke the stillness of the night, was the whistle of a bullet, or the howling of the wolves feasting on the corpses that lay stretched around. God knows what thoughts passed through my soul during that dreadful night, which I felt sure would be my last upon earth. But I remembered the prayer which my mother had taught me long before, when I was a child at her knee, and, bending low, I repeated it with fervor.

"My children, that did me good; and remember always that a sincere and fervent prayer is sure to comfort you. I felt astonishingly calmed when I returned to my place by the captain. But the time passed, and I had fallen into a state of half stupor, when I saw a group of French officers approach. Before I had time to speak to them their chief, a little man dressed in a fur pelisse, stepped forward towards me, and said:

"What are you doing here? Why are you away from your regiment?"

"For too good reasons," said I, pointing first to the captain, and then to my bleeding arm.

"The man says true, sire," said one of those who followed him; 'I saw him marching in the rear of his regiment and carrying this officer on his back.'

"The Emperor—for my friends, it was he—gave me one of those glances that only he or the eagle of the Alps could give, and said:

"It is well. You have done very well."

"Then opening his pelisse, he took the cross which decorated his green coat and gave it to me. At that instant I was no longer hungry, no longer cold; I felt no more pain from my arm than if that awkward beast had never touched it.

"Davoust," added the Emperor, addressing the officer who had spoken to him, 'see this man and his captain placed in one of the baggage wagons. Adieu! And making me a motion of the hand, he went away.'

Here the veteran ceased and resumed his pipe.

"But tell us what became of Captain Obstinate," cried many impatient voices.

"The captain recovered, and is now a general on the retired list. But the best of the joke was, as soon as he got well, he put me under arrest for fifteen days, as a punishment for my infraction of discipline.

"This circumstance came to the ears of Napoleon, and after laughing heartily, he not only caused me to be set free, but promoted me to the rank of sergeant. As to the decoration, my children, here is the ribbon at my button-hole, but the cross I wear next to my heart."

And opening his vest, he showed his eager audience the precious relic, suspended from his neck in a little satin bag.

AN IMPOSTOR.—A female savior and her apostles are creating a prodigious sensation in the southern part of the Russian Empire. The Russian papers say that the leader of these women, whose name is Anastasia Gabacrewicz, claims to have performed a number of miracles, having made the blind see and the lame walk. A vision first revealed to her that she was the daughter of God, selected to suffer for the redemption of her sex in the same way as Christ suffered for that of the other. Immediately after this revelation she gave up eating meat and drinking brandy, and prepared herself for her mission. The Holy Ghost then possessed her and gave her the power to work wonders with a mere word. She pretends to be able to resurrect even the dead by simply touching them, and so strong is the faith of the ignorant masses in this new prophetess that the prison to which she has been consigned by the authorities has become a place of pilgrimage for thousands. The sick are brought from distant localities to receive the assistance of the inspired woman, and the keepers receive large bribes for permission to see her. Every day new story of her extraordinary powers are circulated far and wide.







NOVEMBER MORNING.

Roaring, the wild south-wester  
Fills the wild heaven with its clamor,  
Ploughing the ocean and smiting  
The land like a ponderous hammer.

Lo, how the vast grey spaces  
Wrestle and roll and thunder,  
Billow, piled upon billow,  
Closing and tearing asunder.

As if deep raged with the anger  
Of hosts of the fabulous kraken!  
And the firm house shudders and trembles,  
Beaten, buffeted, shaken!

Battles the gull with the tempest,  
Struggling and wavering and faltering,  
Soaring and striving and sinking,  
Turning, its high course altering.

Down through the cloudy heaven  
Notes from the wild geese are falling,  
Cries like harsh bell-tones are ringing,  
Echoing, clanging, and calling.

Plunges the schooner landward,  
Swiftly the long seas crossing,  
Close-reefed, seeking the harbor,  
Half lost in the spray she is tossing.

A rift in the roof of vapor!  
And stormy sunshine is streaming  
To color the grey, wild water  
Like chrysoprase, green and gleaming.

Cold and tempestuous ocean,  
Ragged rock, brine-swept, and lonely,  
Grasp of the long, bitter winter,—  
These things to gladden me only!

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MYSTERY OF LUCILLE'S PARENTAGE.

Lucius paused in the gray old hall, where twilight came sooner than in any other part of the house. He longed to see Lucille, to clasp the dear hand, to hear the low gentle voice; for the excitement of those last few hours seemed to have lengthened the interval since he had last seen her. Yet he shrank with a strange nervous terror from the idea of meeting her just yet, while his mind was still agitated, still perplexed, by the mystery of last night. It was a relief to him when Mrs. Wincher told him that Missy was still lying down in the parlor.

"She's been up and down stairs to give her grandpa his beef-tea, and such-like, but has laid down betwixt and between," said Mrs. Wincher. "She doesn't seem to have strength to keep up, poor child. I should think some steel-wine, now, or a hounce of quinine-powder, would do her a world of good."

"We won't dose her with nauseous medicines, Mrs. Wincher," answered Lucius; "she wants rest, and change of air and scene. If we could get her away from this melancholy old house, now!"

He was thinking what a relief it would be to him to withdraw her from that abode of perplexity, where danger, in some as-yet-intangible form, seemed to lurk in every shadow. If he could send her down to his sister at Stillington! He was sure that Janet would be kind to her, and that those two would love each other. If he could but induce Lucille to go down there for a little while!

"Well, Dr. Davory, the house is melancholy, I will not deny," said Mrs. Wincher, with a philosophical air. "My spirits are not what they was when I came here. Bond-street was so gay; and if it was but a back-kitchen I lived in I could hear the rustling of carriage-wheels going all day very lively. Of course this house is dull for a young person like Missy; but as to gettin' her away while her grandpa's ill, it's more nor you, nor all the king's horses and all the king's men, would do, Dr. Davory."

"I'm afraid you're right," replied Lucius, with a sigh.

He went up to Mr. Sivewright's room, and found his patient waiting for him, and in a somewhat restless and anxious condition. The blinds were drawn, and the heavy old-fashioned shutters half-closed, excluding every ray of the afternoon sunlight. This had been Lucille's careful work, while the old man slept.

"Open those shutters and draw up the blinds!" exclaimed Mr. Sivewright impatiently. "I don't want the darkness of the grave before my time."

"I thought you were never coming!" he ad-

ded presently, with an aggrieved air, as Lucius admitted the sunshine.

"And yet I am an hour earlier than I was yesterday."

"The day has seemed longer than yesterday. Every day is longer than the last," complained the old man; "my snatches of sleep are shorter, my limbs more weary; the burden of life grows heavier as I near the end of my journey."

"Nay, sir," remonstrated Lucius, in a cheery tone, "there is no need for such despondent talk, as that. You are ill and suffer the weariness of a prolonged illness, but you are in no immediate danger."

"No immediate danger!" repeated the patient contemptuously. "You will not admit that I am in immediate danger till you hear the death-rattle in my throat. I feel that I am on my death-bed, and desire to do all that a dying man should do to square his account with the world he is about to leave."

"And I hope, sir, you have some thought about that better world to which you are going," answered Lucius seriously.

Homer Sivewright sighed, and was silent for some moments ere he replied to this remark.

"Let me settle my affairs in this world first," he said, "and then you may try to enlighten me about the next if you can. I have found this life so hard that it is scarcely strange if I have little hope in the life that is to come after it. But you can talk to me about that by and by. I want to talk to you about the girl who is to be your wife."

"There is no subject so near to my heart."

"I suppose not," answered Mr. Sivewright, groping with a slow feeble hand under his pillow, from beneath which he presently produced a key. "Take this key and open yonder desk, the *bonheur du jour*, and look in the third drawer on the left side."

Lucius obeyed.

"What do you see there?"

"A packet of letters tied with green ferret, and a miniature in a morocco-case," answered Lucius.

"Good! Now, those letters and that miniature contain the whole mystery of Lucille's birth. I have tried many times to read the riddle, but in vain. Your sharper wits may perchance find the solution of the problem."

"You mean as regards the identity of Lucille's mother?" asked Lucius.

"I mean as regards the identity of her father and her mother," answered the old man. "There have been times when I have doubted whether Lucille is a Sivewright at all—whether the girl I have called my grandchild is the daughter of my son Ferdinand."

Lucius Davoren's heart gave a great thump, so violent as almost to suffocate him. Good heavens, what a relief if it were thus! If this girl whom he so fondly loved were free from the taint of that villain's blood! For some moments he was dumb. The rapture of this release overcame him utterly. God grant that this were but true—that the man he had slain bore no kindred to the woman who was to be his wife!

He opened the morocco-case, and looked at it with eager eyes, as if in the lifeless images it contained he might find the clue to the mystery.

The case was double, and contained two miniatures; one of a man with a weak but patrician face, the nose an elongated aquiline, the lips thin, the chin feeble, the forehead high and pale, the eyes a light blue; the countenance of some last scion of a worn-out race; not without force of character. The second miniature was a woman's face; bright, vivacious, bewitching; face with sparkling black eyes, a coquettish mouth, a low broad forehead, in which there were ample indications of intellect. The olive complexion, the brilliancy of the dark lustrous eyes, gave a foreign look to this countenance. The original might have been either French or Italian, Lucius thought, but she could hardly have been an Englishwoman.

"What reason have you to doubt Lucille's parentage?" he asked the old man, after a prolonged examination of those two miniatures.

"My only reason are contained in that packet of letters," answered Mr. Sivewright. "Those letters are the broken links in a chain which you may be able to piece together. I have puzzled over them many a time, as I told you just now, but have been able to make nothing of them."

"Am I to read them?"

"Yes, read them aloud to me; I may be able to furnish you with an occasional commentary on the text."

"First, tell me how they came into your possession."

"That is easily done. When my son left Bond-street for the last time, after plundering my iron safe, he did not burden himself with luggage. He left all his worldly goods behind him, in the shape of a dilapidated leathern portmanteau full of old clothes. Amongst these I found that packet of letters and miniature case, both of which he had doubtless forgotten. Now you know just as much about them as I do."

Lucius untied the string. There were about a dozen letters; some in a woman's hand, fine, delicate, and essentially un-English; the others were directed to Ferdinand Sivewright, at a post-office in Oxford-street, but bore neither the date nor the address of the writer. This was in the man's hand, written upon the paper of a fashionable club, and ran thus:

"Thanks, my dear Sivewright, for your last. You are indeed a friend, and worth all my aristocratic acquaintance, who pretend the warmest friendship, but would not go half-a-dozen paces out of their way to save me from hanging. You,

by your prompt assistance, have rescued me from the greatest difficulty in which my imprudence—and I have always been the most imprudent of men—ever involved me. Thank Heaven and your tact, the danger is over, and I think I now stand secure of the old gentleman's favor. Did he know the truth, or but a scintillation of the truth, I should inevitably lose all chance of that future prosperity which will, I trust, enable me a few years hence to give you some substantial proof of my gratitude."

"By the way, you talk of being hard up in the present. I regret to say, my dear fellow, that at this moment it is out of my power to help you with a stiver. Not that I for an instant ignore the obligation to provide for your small charge, but because just now I am entirely cleaned out. A few weeks hence I shall be no doubt able to send you a cheque. In the mean time your household is a prosperous one, and the cost your kindness to me may occasion is one that can scarcely be felt. You understand. How fares your little girl? I shall always be glad to hear. Madame D— writes to me for news; so pray keep me *au courant*, that I may set her anxious mind at rest. O, Sivewright, how I languish for an end of all my secrets and perplexities, and for a happy union with her I love! This waiting for dead men's shoes is a weary business, and makes me feel the most despicable of mankind.—Yours ever,

"H. G."

"What do you make of that letter?" asked Mr. Sivewright.

"I can hardly tell what to make of it at present. Your son must have been of some vital service to the writer, but the nature of that friendly act is more than I can guess."

"You will understand it better when you have read the rest of the letters. Now, I have sometimes thought that the writer of those lines was the father of Lucille."

"On what ground?" asked Lucius. "He distinctly says 'How fares your little girl?'"

"That might be inspired by caution. Do you observe what he says about Madame D—and her anxiety to hear of the child's welfare? Rely upon it that Madame D— was the mother. Then there is the mention of a happy union with the woman he loves, deferred until the death of some wealthy relation. Then what do you make of the lines in which he avows his obligation to provide for 'your small charge'? That small charge was the child, and on whom would there be such an obligation except upon the father? This is how I have sometimes been inclined to read the riddle."

"You think, then, that Lucille was the child of some secret marriage?" said Lucius; "or of an intrigue?" he added reluctantly.

"Of a secret marriage most likely," answered the old man. "Had it been only an intrigue, there would hardly have been need for such excessive caution. You will see in one of the later letters how this man who signs himself 'H. G.' speaks of his utter ruin should his secret be discovered. But go on, the letters are numbered. I arranged and numbered them with a good deal of care. Go on to number 2."

Lucius obeyed. The second epistle was in the same hand as the first, but the formation of the characters showed that it had been written in haste and profound agitation:

"DEAR SIVEWRIGHT,—I close a cheque for £50. It leaves me a beggar; but anything is better than the alternative; your threat to trade upon my secret has thrown me into an agony of apprehension. O, Sivewright, you could surely never be such a villain? You who pretended to be my bosom friend—you who have so often enriched yourself at my expense, when fortune and your superior skill favored your chances at the card-table—you to whom, when you took upon yourself the charge which you now assert perpetually as a claim, pressing and harassing me to death with your demands for money. I deemed that friendship alone actuated you. Is it possible that you looked at the matter from the first with a trader's spirit, and duly considered how much you might be able to make of me?"

"As you claim to be a gentleman, I conjure you to write and assure me that your threat of communicating with my uncle was only an idle menace; that you will keep my secret as a gentleman should keep the secret of his friend."

"Bear in mind that to betray me would be to ruin me most completely, and to destroy your own chance of future benefit from my fortune."

"How is the little girl? Why do you not write to me at length about her? Why do your letters contain only demands for money? Madame D— is full of anxiety, and I can say so little to satisfy her. How is the little thing? Is she well—is she happy? Does she pine for her last home, and the people who nursed her? For heaven's sake reply, and fully.—Yours,

"H. G."

"Are those like a man's inquiries about another man's child?" asked Mr. Sivewright.

"Scarcely," replied Lucius. "I believe you are right, and that Lucille is of no skin to your son."

"And of no kin to me. You are glad of that, I suppose," said the old man with a touch of bitterness.

"Forgive me if I confess that I shall be glad if I find she is not the child of your son."

"You are right. Can an evil tree bear good fruit? That seems a hard saying, but I can't wonder you shrink from the idea of owning Ferdinand Sivewright for your children's grandfather. Yet this H. G. may have been no better man."

"I can hardly think that. There is some indication of good feeling in his letters. He was most likely the dupe and victim—"

"Of my son? Yes, I can believe that. Go on, Lucius. The third letter is from the lady, who, you will see, was not afraid to sign herself at full length, or to give her address."

"That must afford some clue to the mystery," said Lucius.

"Yes, for any one who will take the trouble to follow so slight a clue. I have never attempted the task. To accomplish it might have been to lose the only creature that loved me. You will call this selfish policy, no doubt. Lucille's interests ought to have weighed with me more than my own. I can only answer, that old age is selfish. When a man has but a few years between him and the grave, he may well shrink from the idea of making those years desolate."

"I do not wonder that you feared to lose her," said Lucius.

He opened the letter numbered 3. It was in that delicate foreign hand, on thin paper.

"Rue Jeanne d'Arques No. 17, Rouen."

"DEAR SIR,—Not having received a satisfactory response from Mr. G., I venture to address you, believing that you will compassionate my anxieties. I wish to hear more of your charge. Is she well? Is she happy? Or, sir, have pity upon the heart, which pines for her—to which this enforced separation is living death! Does she grow? does she remember me, and ask for me? Yet, considering her tender age at the time of our parting, that is hardly possible. I ought to be thankful that it is so—that she will not suffer any of the pangs which rend my sorrowful heart. But in spite of that thought, it grieves me to know that she will lose all memory of my face, all love for me. It is a hard trial; and it may last for years. Heaven knows if I shall live to see the end of it."

"I entreat you, sir, to pity one who is most grateful for your friendly help at a time it was needed, and to let me have a full account of the little girl."

"I am quite content to submit to Mr. G.'s desire that, for the next few years of her life, she shall have no friends but those she has in your house; yet I can but think that, at her age, residence in a London house, and above all a house of business, must be harmful. I should be very glad could you make some arrangement for her to live, at least part of the year, a little way out of town, with people you could fully trust."

"Do not doubt that, should God spare me to enjoy the fortune to which Mr. G. looks forward, I shall most liberally reward your goodness to one born under an evil star."

"I have the honor to remain, yours,

"FELICIE G."

"P.S.—My name here is Madame Dumarques."

"That," exclaimed Lucius, "must surely be the letter of a mother!"

"Yes; and not a letter from a wife to her husband. The Mr. G. spoken of in the letter is evidently the husband of the writer."

"Strange that the care of a beloved child should have been intrusted to such a man as your son."

"Men of pleasure have few friends," answered Mr. Sivewright. "I daresay this Mr. G. had no one save the companion of the gaming-table to whom he could appeal in his difficulty."

"Do you consider there is sufficient evidence here to show that Lucille was the child alluded to?"

"No other child ever came to Bond-street."

"True. Then the case seems clear enough. She was not your son's daughter, but the child of these people, and committed to his care."

"Read on, and you will discover farther details of the affair."

The fourth letter was from 'H. G.' It was evidently written in answer to a letter of complaint or remonstrance from Ferdinand Sivewright. It ran thus:

"My dear Fellow,—Your reproaches are most unjust. I always send money when I have it; but I have not acquired the art of coiner, nor am I clever enough to accomplish a successful forgery. In a word, you can't get blood out of a stone. You have had some hundreds since you first took charge of the little one; and in any other home I had found for her, she would not have cost me a third of the money. I do not forget that you helped me out of a diabolical difficulty, and that if you had not happened to be our visitor when the old gentleman surprised me in our Devonian cottage, and if you had not with sublime tact assumed my responsibilities, I should have been irretrievably ruined. Never shall I forget that mid-summer morning when I had to leave all I loved in your care, and to turn my back upon that dear little home, to accompany my uncle to London, assuming the careless gaiety of a bachelor, while my heart was racked with anguish for those I left behind. However, we played the comedy well, and, please God, the future will compensate Felicie and me for all we have suffered in the past and suffer in the present. Be as reasonable, dear old fellow, as you have been useful, and rely upon it I shall by and by amply reward your fidelity.

Yours,

H. G."

"We get a clearer glimpse of the story in this," said Lucius, as he finished the fourth letter. "It seems easy enough now to read the riddle. A young man, with large expectations from an uncle who, at any moment, may disinherit him



has secretly married; perhaps a woman beneath him in station. At any rate, his choice is one which his uncle would inevitably disapprove. He hides his young wife in some quiet Devonshire village, where his friend, your son, visits him. There, during your son's visit, the old man appears. By some means or other he has tracked his nephew to this retreat. One mode of escape only suggests itself. Ferdinand Sivewright assumes the character of the husband and father, while the delinquent leaves the place at his uncle's desire, and accompanies him back to London. Out of this incident arises the rest. Ferdinand Sivewright takes charge of the child, the wife retires to her native country, where she has, no doubt, friends who can give her a home. The whole business is thus, as it were, dissolved. The husband is free to play the part of a bachelor till his kinsman's death. That is my reading of the story."

"I do not think you can be far out," answered Mr. Sivewright. "You can look over the rest of the letters at your leisure. They are less important than those you have read, but may contain some stray scraps of information which you can piece together. There is one letter in which Madame Dumarques speaks of the miniature. She sends it in order that the little girl may learn to know her mother's features; and in this, as in other letters from this lady, there appears a foreboding of early death. 'We may never meet on earth,' she writes. 'I like to think that she will know my face if ever I am so blest as to meet her in heaven.'"

"You think, then, that this poor mother died young?" inquired Lucius.

"That is my idea. The husband speaks of her falling health in one of his letters. He has been to Rouen to see her, and has found her sadly changed. 'You would hardly know that lovely face,' Sivewright, could you see it now," he writes."

Lucius folded and tied up the letters with a careful hand.

"May I have these to keep?" he asked.

"You may. They are the only dower which your wife will receive from her parents."

"I don't know that," answered Lucius; "her father may still live, and if he does, he shall at least give her his name."

"What, you mean to seek out this nameless father?"

"I do. The task may be long and difficult, but I am determined to unravel this tangled skein."

"Do what you like, so long as you and Lucille do not leave me to die alone," said the old man sadly.

"Have no fear of that," replied Lucius. "This investigation can wait. I will not desert my post in your sick room, until you are on the high road to recovery."

"You are a good fellow!" exclaimed Mr. Sivewright, with unusual warmth; "and I do not regret having trusted you."

## CHAPTER X.

### MYSTIC MUSIC.

It was now nearly dark, and Lucius was anxious to obtain a speedy release from the sick room, lest the time should creep on towards the hour at which Mr. Otranto's minions were to seek for admittance at the little back door. He made some excuse therefore for bidding his patient 'good-night' soon after this. There would be time for him to see that the coast was clear, and to keep watch for the coming of the two men.

He met Lucille in the corridor, coming upstairs for the night, at least two hours earlier than usual—a most opportune retirement.

She gave a little start at meeting him, and her look was more of surprise than pleasure.

"You here, Lucius!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear; I have been with your grandfather. I heard you were lying down, and would not disturb you. I hope you feel refreshed by that long rest."

"As much refreshed as I can be while I have such cause for anxiety. I am going to my room early, so as to be near my grandfather."

"That is wise; only remember you must try to sleep. You must not be watching and listening all night. If Mr. Sivewright wants anything he will call to you. Good-night, my dear."

He folded her in his arms, and pressed a tender kiss upon the sad lips; but her only response to his caress was a weary sigh. There was something amiss here; what he knew not; but he felt she had some sorrow which she refused to share with him, and the thought wounded him to the quick. He left her perplexed and unhappy.

The old clock on the staircase struck eight as Lucius passed it. He had an hour to wait before the arrival of the detectives. What to do with himself during that time, he knew not. The lower part of the house was wrapped in darkness, save for the feeble glimmer of a candle in the great kitchen, where Mr. and Mrs. Wincher were seated at their frugal supper. Lucius looked and beheld them regaling themselves on a stony-looking Dutch cheese and an overgrown lettuce—a gigantic vegetable, which they soused with vinegar.

From Mrs. Wincher, Lucius obtained a candle, which he carried to the parlour—a room that looked empty and desolate without Lucille. There was the sofa upon which she had lain; there her book; there her work-basket.

He sat down amidst these tokens of her presence, and stared at the flame of the candle, sorely troubled in mind. What was this gulf between them, this feeling of severance that

was so strange to his heart? Why was it that there returned to him ever and anon a suspicion formless, inexplicable, but which troubled him beyond measure? He strove to escape from gloomy thoughts by the aid of an old enchanter. He took his violin from its hiding-place, and began to play a tender *sotto-voce* strain, which soothed his troubled mind. His thoughts drifted into a smoother channel. He thought of that grand discovery made to-night—a discovery which, at another time, he would have deemed all-sufficient for happiness: Lucille was not the child of the wretch his hand had slain. The comfort of that thought was measureless.

Could he do wrong in accepting the evidence of those letters—in giving them this interpretation? Surely not. They seemed to point but to one conclusion. They told a story in which there were few missing links. It remained for him to trace the father who had thus abandoned his child. It would be a more pleasing task than that which Lucille had imposed upon him when she bade him seek for Ferdinand Sivewright.

But why had this father—who from the tone of his letters seemed to have been fond of his child—abandoned her entirely to her fate, and made no effort to reclaim her in after-years? That question might be answered in two ways. The father might have died years ago, carrying his secret with him to the grave. Or it is just possible that this man, in whom weakness might be near akin to wickedness, had made some advantageous alliance after the death of Lucille's mother, and had deemed it wise to be silent as to his first marriage, even at the cost of his daughter's love.

Thus reasoned Lucius as he played a slow pensive melody, always *sotto voce*.

Thought and music together had beguiled him into forgetfulness of time. The clock struck nine while he was still playing.

He put down his violin immediately, left the lighted candle on the table, and went out to the back door. Mr. Wincher was there before him, the door open, and two men standing on the threshold.

"We've got our orders from Mr. Otranto, sir," said the elder of the two. "I'm to stop all night in the room that contains the valibles, and my mate is to be in and out and keep a hi upon the back premises. But if you have anything you'd like to suggest, sir, we're at your service."

"No," said Lucius; "I've no doubt Mr. Otranto knows his business; a great deal better than I do. Come with me, Mr.—"

"Simcox, sir. My mate is Joe Cleaver."

"Come with me then, Mr. Simcox, and I'll show you the room that needs watching. Mr. Cleaver can stay in the kitchen. I daresay he can make himself comfortable there."

"Provided he isn't timid of beadsles," interjected Mrs. Wincher; "which the crickets are that tame they play about the table while we're at supper."

Mr. Cleaver pronounced himself indifferent as to beetles or crickets.

"They won't hurt me," he said; "I've had to deal with worse than black-beadles in my time."

Mr. Simcox followed Lucius to the room that contained the Sivewright collection—that curious chaos of relics and fragments which represented the knowledge and labour of a lifetime. The detective surveyed these works of art with a disparaging eye.

"There doesn't seem to be much for the melting-pot here!" he exclaimed; "or much portable property of any kind."

"There's a good deal of curious old china," answered Lucius, "which is, I believe, more valuable than silver. The thief who stole the old plate might return for that."

"He might," answered Mr. Simcox with a sceptical air; "but he must be a cut above the common run of thieves if he knows much about old chancy; the sterling metal is what most of 'em go in for. However, here I am, sir, and I know my duty. I'm ready to watch as many nights as you please."

"Very good," said Lucius; "then I'll wish you good-night, Mr. Simcox; and if you want a mattress and a blanket, I daresay Mr. Wincher—the old man who opened the door to you—will give you them. I don't live in the house, but I shall be here early to-morrow morning to learn the result of your watch. Good-night."

He had his hand upon the door, when a sound from the other side of the hall—low, but still sufficiently audible—startled him as if it had been the fall of a thunderbolt. It was his own violin, played softly—a wild minor strain, dirge-like and unearthly. Scarcely had he heard the notes when they died away. It was almost as if he had dreamed them. There was not time for him to utter an exclamation before all was dumb. Then came a muffled sound, like the cautious closing of a heavy door; but that strange strain of melody possessed the soul and ears of Lucius, and he did not hear that stealthy closing of the hall door.

"Did you hear that?" he asked the detective eagerly.

"Hear what, sir?"

"A violin played in the opposite room."

"Well, no, sir, I can't say as I did. Yet I fancy I did hear something in the way of music—a barrel-organ, perhaps, outside."

"Strange!" muttered Lucius; "my senses must be growing confused. I have been too long without sleep, or I have thought too much. My brain has been unceasingly on the rack; no wonder it should fail. Yet I could have sworn I heard a wild unearthly strain—like—like other music I heard once."

It was a foolish thing, he felt, to be disturbed

by such a trifle. A mere fancy, doubtless, but he was disturbed by it nevertheless. He hurried across to the parlour where he had left his violin. There it lay, just as he had put it down. The room was empty.

"What if my violin were enchanted now, and could play of itself?" he thought idly. "Or what if the furies who torment me with the slow tortures of remorse had invented a new agony, that I should hear ghostly strains—mere phantasmal sounds—reminding me of the music I heard in the American forest?"

He put the violin back into its case, locked it, and put the key in his waistcoat-pocket. The lock was a Chubb.

"Neither mortals nor fiends shall play upon you any more to-night, my little Amati," he said.

He was glad to escape from the house presently, having no farther business there. He felt that Lucille and the old man were securely guarded for that night at least. To-morrow might furnish a clue to the mystery—to-morrow might reveal the thief.

The thought set his brain on fire. Who opened that door? Who admitted the midnight plunderer? Would to-morrow's light bring with it the answer to that question?

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT FAULT.

Geoffrey Hossack rushed down to Stillmington as fast as a recklessly-driven hansom and an express train could take him. His heart seemed to sing aloud as he went. "I am coming, my love, I am coming; and we will part no more."

How sweet, how rustic, how peaceful, the little uncommercial town seemed to him to-day in its verdant setting; the low hills, on whose grassy slopes tall chestnuts spread their wide branches, and the dark foliage of the beech gleamed silvery as the warm breezes rustled it; fertile pastures where the aftermath grew deep, green tinged with russet—over all the land late summer's vanishing glory.

"I could live here with her for ever," he thought; "ay, in the humblest cottage half hidden among those green lanes, which seem to lead nowhere. I could live all my life with her, out off from all the rest of the world, and never languish for its hollow pleasures, and never sigh for change. God grant I may find her reasonable! God grant that she may accept my simple assurance of her release, and make me happy!"

On the very threshold of Mrs. Bertram's modest dwelling a sudden fear seized him. Something in the aspect of the house to-day struck him as unfamiliar. The window was shut—an unusual circumstance, for Janet loved air. The flowers in the little rustic stand that screened the window had a neglected look. There were dead leaves on the geraniums, which had wont to be so carefully tended. The care of those flowers had been her early morning task. How often had he walked this way before breakfast, for the sake of catching one chance glimpse of the noble face bending over those flowers!

"Good Heavens, can she be ill?" he thought with agonising fear. He knocked softly, lest she should be indeed lying ill up-stairs and the sound of the knocker disturb her.

The maid who opened the door had come straight from the washtub, breathless, with bare steaming arms.

"Is Mrs. Bertram at home—and—and well?" asked Geoffrey eagerly.

"Mrs. Bertram, sir? O dear, no; she left us three days ago, and the apartments are to let. Missus doesn't put up any bill, because she says it gives such a low look; but there's a card at the grocer's."

"Mrs. Bertram has moved!" said Geoffrey, his heart beating very fast. "Where has she gone?"

It might be to the next street only. She had found the rooms small perhaps, as her pupils increased. Yet even a few minutes' delay dashed his high hopes. It seemed hard to meet any kind of hindrance at the outset.

"She didn't leave no address," answered the girl; she's left Stillmington for some time. She said the air was relaxing at this time of year, and the little girl didn't seem quite well. So she went. She means to come back in the winter, she told us, and go on with her pupils; but she was going somewhere by the sea."

"But surely she must have left some address with your mistress, in order that letters might be forwarded to her?"

"No, she didn't, sir. I heard missus ast her that very question about the letters, and she says to missus that it didn't matter—there wouldn't be no letters for her, not of any consequence, as she would write and tell her friends her new address. She didn't exactly know where she was going, she says."

"When did she leave?" asked Geoffrey in despair. How could the Fates treat him so hardly?

"Three days ago—last Wednesday."

The very day of his journey down to Hampshire. She had lost no time in taking flight. She had gone almost immediately after he left Stillmington. Could he doubt that her motive had been to avoid him—to flee temptation? For did he not know that she loved him?

"Mrs. Bertram left very suddenly, did she not?" he asked of the maid-of-all work, who was breathing hard with impatience to be gone, knowing that her mistress awaited her in the washhouse, and would assuredly lecture her for gossiping.

"Yes, sir, it was quite sudden. She gave missus a week's rent instead of the reglar notice."

"And you have really no idea where she went when she left you?"

"No, sir. She went away by the London train. That's all I can tell you."

"Thanks," said Geoffrey with a sigh.

He rewarded the girl with a half-crown, almost mechanically, and departed heartsore. How could she be so cruel as to hide herself from him—to put a new barrier between them! Was she afraid of his importunity—afraid that she would lack strength to resist his pleading?

By the sea! She had gone to the sea-side. That was information of the vaguest character.

"If I have to scour the English coast, I will find her," he said to himself desperately.

But it was just possible she might leave England—that she might hide herself in some obscure village in Normandy or Brittany, where the cockney-tourist had not yet penetrated. The field was wide, to say the least of it.

"She will surely let her brother know where she is?" he thought presently; and with that thought came a brief moment of hopefulness, which quickly changed again to despair. If she wanted to avoid him, Geoffrey, she would scarcely trust her secret to his bosom friend Lucius.

There was that ever-ready medium—that universal go-between—the second column of the *Times*. He might advertise. He wrote a long appeal, so worded that, to the stranger, it was an absolute hieroglyphic, telling her that she was free—the very barrier that could divide them had been long removed—and entreating her to communicate with him immediately. This appeal he headed "*Voi che sapete*"—the opening words of her favourite song. She could hardly fail to understand.

But what if she did not see the *Times*? And if she were out of England, or even buried deep in some remote English watering-place, the chances against her seeing it were as ten to one. He sent the same advertisement to Galignani, and to a dozen provincial newspapers, chosen almost at random, but covering a wide area. He sent cheques to pay for a month's insertions in every paper. He felt himself transformed into a man of business, and went to work as actively as if he had been advertising a new cocoa or a new hair-dye.

This done, and there being nothing to detain him at Stillmington, he went back to Hillersdon, much to the delight of his cousins Belle and Dessie, who had in no wise expected this prompt return of the deserter. There was some comfort to him in the idea of being amidst the scenes of Janet's youth. He went over to the cathedral town, saw the Registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and found the entry of that fatal union which stood between him and happiness.

Yes, there it was: "Frederick Vandeleur, gentleman, &c. &c., to Janet Davoren." The ceremony had been legal enough. Nothing but some previous contract could invalidate such a marriage; and was it not very probable that this villain's assertion of a previous marriage was but a lie, invented to release him from a union that had become troublesome to him?

"I wish to Heaven I had as good a certificate of the scoundrel's death," thought Geoffrey; "but even if I find her and tell her that he is dead, I doubt if my bare assertion will satisfy her scruples."

He made a pilgrimage to Wykhamston, prowled about the gray old church, talked to the sexton, who had been an old man twenty years ago, and who calmly survived all changes like a being over whom Time had no power. From him Geoffrey heard a great deal about the old rector and his beautiful daughter, who had played the organ, and how a stranger had come to Wykhamston, who took a great fancy to playing the organ, and played wonderful; and how Miss Davoren used oftentimes to be in the church practising when the stranger came in; and how not long after she ran away from home, as some folks said, and he, the sexton, was afraid no good had come of those meetings in the church.

To this Geoffrey listened silently, wounded, as he always was, by the thought that she whom he loved so dearly had left her home under a cloud, were it but the lightest breath of suspicion.

Even to this sexton he must needs defend his idol.

"I have reason to know that Miss Davoren was married to that gentleman before he came to Wykhamston," he said. "It was a secret marriage, and she was foolish enough to leave her home without informing her parents of the step she had taken; but she was that man's wife, and no shadow of dishonor can tarnish her name."

"Deary me?" exclaimed the sexton; "and our poor dear rector took it so to heart. Some folks think it was that as killed him, though the doctors called it heart-disease of long standing."

Geoffrey went from the church to the rectory, an overgrown thatched cottage, quaint and old, with plastered walls and big chimney-stacks; the garden all abloom with late roses—the new incumbent evidently a prosperous gentleman. He loitered by the tall privet-hedge a little while, gathered a rose from a bush that grew within reach—a rose which he put carefully in his pocket-book—frail memorial of her he loved.

This pilgrimage occupied an entire day; for the young man lingered about Wykhamston as



if loth to leave the spot where Janet had once lived—as if he almost hoped to meet the phantom of her girlhood in one of those low water meadows where he wandered listlessly by the reedy trout streams.

Belle and Dessie pouted a little at this desertion, yet would not complain. Were they not fortunate in dear Geoffrey's return? And if they questioned or teased him he might take flight again.

"I hope you are not going to desert us to-morrow," said Belle, on the evening of his return from Wykhamston.

"Why do you lay such a tremendous stress upon to-morrow?" asked Geoffrey, with a comfortable yawn. He was stretched on a rustic bench outside the drawing-room windows smoking, while these damsels conversed with him from within.

"Have you forgotten?"

"Forgotten what?" with another yawn.

"How sleepy this country air makes one!"

"Yes, and how stupid sometimes!" exclaimed Dessie. "You might have remembered that to-morrow is the day for Lady Baker's fête."

"Ah, to be sure! She's a very nice old party, that Lady Baker of yours. I shall make a point of being in attendance upon you."

## CHAPTER XII.

### TROUBLES THICKEN.

There was plenty of work for Lucius in his surgery when he went home, after inducing Mr. Otranto's men in their duties at Cedar House. There were the medicines to be made up, and to be taken round to the patients that night, by the sleepy boy who looked unutterable reproaches at his master for this unwonted neglect of duty.

"Some of the places will be shut, I should think," he said with an injured air, as he ground some nauseous drug furiously with a stone pestle; "and some of the folks gone to bed. We've never been so late before."

"I don't think our neighbours hereabouts are renowned for their early habits," answered Lucius, unabashed by this reproach. "If you find people are gone to bed, you can bring the medicines home, and take them out again early to-morrow morning. You needn't go on knocking and ringing if you don't get answered quickly."

"Very well, sir," murmured the boy with a yawn. "They'll be up at all the public of course; there's the liniment for Mrs. Purdew's sprained wrist, and the lotion for Mrs. Tweaker's black eye; and they'll be up at the butcher's, and at the general round the corner, where the children's down with measles, I dare say. But I expect to find the private gentlefolks gone to bed."

"Give me that rhubarb, and hold your tongue," said Lucius.

His medicines were soon made up and dispatched; and he was on the point of leaving his surgery for the night, when he put his hand in his pocket in search of a key, and found the bottle he had taken from Mr. Sivewright's bedside.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed; "are mind and memory failing me altogether that I could forget this?"

He held the bottle between him and the flame of the gas. The liquid, which had been clear enough when he sent it out of his surgery, had now a slightly clouded look.

"I wonder whether I have such a thing as a bit of copper gauze?" he thought, as he put down the bottle.

He looked in several small drawers in the table on which he made up his medicines, and finally found the object he sought for. He poured the medicine into a glass vessel and applied his test.

The experiment showed him that there was arsenic in the medicine. The quantity was of the smallest, but the poison was there. He repeated his experiment, to make assurance doubly sure. Yes, there could be no shadow of doubt. Arsenic had been introduced into the medicine since it had left his hands yesterday afternoon.

Whose was the guilty hand which had done this thing? His vague suspicion arose before him all at once in the shape of an awful fact, and the horror of it almost paralysed thought. Who could have seemed more secure than this harmless old man, lying on his sick bed, tenderly watched by loving eyes, ministered to by dutiful hands—guarded, it would seem, from the possibility of danger? Yet even there a murderer had penetrated; and by slow steps, by means so gradual as almost to defy suspicion, that feeble life was assailed.

Who could the assassin be but that old servant in whose fidelity Homer Sivewright trusted from the mere force of habit? Yes; the case seemed clear enough, looked at by the light of this new discovery. Wincher, who knew the full value of the collection, had begun a systematic course of plunder—who could tell how long it had gone on? Perhaps ever since Mr. Sivewright had taken to his bed—and, in order to escape the detection which must have been inevitable on the old man's recovery, he had taken measures to make his master's illness mortal.

"Perhaps he argues that by dropping a pinch of arsenic into his master's medicine now and then he only assists the progress of the disease, and that his crime is something less than murder," said Lucius bitterly.

He was angry with himself, because this very day—after suspecting Mr. Wincher, nay, after feeling convinced of his guilt—he had suffered himself to be hoodwinked, and had believed the

old servant to be an honest man. He remembered Mr. Otranto's dictum, so absolutely expressed, and smiled at the incapacity of a man whom the world deemed possessed of almost superhuman powers.

"Yes, the scheme is transparent. He has admitted the man I saw night after night, and has doubtless made away with all that is most valuable in the collection. He knows that his master's recovery would be his ruin, and he means to prevent that recovery. His apparent candor this morning was a profound stroke of policy. He took alarm from what I said to his wife—guessed that I had seen the entrance of his accomplice, and played his cards accordingly. Not clever enough for a thief, did you say, Mr. Otranto? Why, here is a man clever enough to carry on simultaneous robbery and murder, and yet to wear the semblance of most consummate innocence. This is evidently a development of intellectual power among the dangerous classes for which your previous experience has not prepared you."

Lucius laughed the laugh of scorn at the thought of Mr. Otranto's shortsightedness.

But what was he, Lucius, to do? That was the question. How was he to avert the danger from his patient, and yet avoid alarming him? To do that might be fatal. To tell a man almost at death's door that he had been brought to this pass by a slow poisoner in his own household, would surely be to complete the murder. Where was the sick man with nerves strong enough to endure such a revelation?

"I must get rid of these Winchers, yet not tell Mr. Sivewright the cause of their dismissal," thought Lucius. "I can invent some plausible excuse for their disappearance. And when they are gone—stay, might it not be better to let them stop, and to keep watch over my patient myself—so close a watch, that if foul play were attempted I must discover the delinquent?"

He meditated upon this question for some time; now leaning one way, now the other.

"No," he decided at last; "murder shall no longer lurk within the shadow of those walls! At any cost I will get rid of those wretches, with their pretence of long service and fidelity."

He thought of Mrs. Wincher, whom he had been himself induced to think one of the most well-meaning of women, completely devoted to her young mistress, faithful, affectionate.

"She may not know the extent of her husband's iniquity," he thought; for it was painful to him to believe that the woman who had hovered about Love's rosy pathway like a protecting angel was among the vilest of her sex.

"What about this night?" he asked himself with painful anxiety. He had left a guard upon the house and its treasures, but what guard had he set upon that old man's life? The doors of the sick room might be locked ever so securely, and yet the assassin might enter. Wincher and his accomplice might know of that secret staircase, in spite of the old servant's affectation of entire ignorance; and between the secret staircase and the sick chamber there was only a sliding panel.

"I'll go back to-night," said Lucius. "I should be a dastard if, with my present knowledge, I left that old man unprotected. I'll go back, and get into the garden from the creek. I shall find the detective on his beat at the back, no doubt. I'll warn him about the secret staircase; so that no one shall get to Mr. Sivewright's room that way, at any rate."

He lost no time in putting his resolve into execution. It was a few minutes past eleven, and the distance to Cedar House was about half an hour's walk. Before midnight he would be there.

Fortune favored him. The night was dark, and there was no one to observe his trespass as he walked along the deserted wharf and stepped lightly across the untenanted barges. From one of these it was easy to get upon the low wall of Mr. Sivewright's garden. He saw a light in the brewhouse, where he had found the entrance to the secret stair. The door was open, and the detective was lounging against the door-post, smoking his pipe and enjoying the night air.

"Who's there?" he demanded in cautious tones, as Lucius's light footstep sounded on the weedy gravel.

"A friend—Davoren," answered Lucius, and then told the man the reason of his return.

"This is a worse case than even I thought it," he said. "There has been an attempt to poison the old gentleman up stairs, as well as to rob him."

The man looked incredulous. Lucius briefly stated his ground for this statement.

"There has been nothing stirring here?" he asked.

"Nothing, except the beadsles. They're on short rations, and it seems to make 'em active. I've been in and out ever since you left."

"Has Wincher gone to bed?"

"Two hours ago."

"And you are sure he has never stirred since?"

"Quite sure. I've been past his door about every ten minutes or so, and have heard him and his wife snoring as peaceable as a pair of turtle-doves."

"Well, I've come to share your watch till morning, if you've no objection. After the discovery I've just told you about, I couldn't rest."

"No objections, sir. If you'd brought a case-bottle with a trifle of spirit it might have been welcome."

"I am sorry that I omitted to provide myself with such a thing," answered Lucius politely.

He showed the detective the door opening upon the secret staircase, and told him not to leave the brewhouse while he, Lucius, went upstairs to see that all was right on the upper stories.

"If the man who came last night should come again to-night, he will try to enter by that door," said Lucius, pointing to the door by which he had just come in. "Leave it open, and your light burning just where it is. He'll take that to mean that all's right, most likely. But be sure you keep in the background yourself till he's fairly inside."

"I hope I know my business, sir," replied the detective with dignity.

Lucius went through the back premises to the hall. The doors in the interior of the house had been left open for the convenience of the watchers. His footsteps, cautiously as he trod, resounded on the stone-paved floor; so at the foot of the staircase he drew off his boots, and went up-stairs noiselessly in his stockings. He thought of Mr. Sivewright's complaint of that mysterious foot-fall which had disturbed his slumbers in the deep of night—the footstep of the secret assassin. To-night he was surely guarded. From the lower part of the house no one could approach him without the knowledge of the watcher lying in wait below.

But how about those upper rooms, in one of whose windows he had seen the light burning last night? Was there not some mystery there? He determined to explore that topmost story, now, in the darkness of the night even, rather than leave his doubts unsatisfied.

Vain determination! The door of communication between the corridor and the upper staircase was locked. He tried it with a cautious hand, and found it firmly secured against him. Then he remembered how Lucille had locked that door and put the key in her pocket after they came down-stairs from the loft.

If that door had been locked and the key in Lucille's possession last night, how came the light in the upper window? That was a new problem for him to solve.

He crept along the passage, and listened at the old man's door. He could hear his patient's breathing, labored but regular. There was no other sound in the room.

He waited here for some time, listening; but there was nothing save the old man's breathing to disturb the stillness, nothing until from Lucille's room there came the sound of a long deep sigh—a sigh from a heart sorely oppressed.

That sound smote his own heart with unspeakable pain. It betrayed such deep unhappiness—a sorrow which could only find vent in the dead of the night, in deep heart-broken sighs.

"Is it her grandfather's danger that makes her so unhappy?" he wondered. "Strange; for the old man has never been particularly kind to her—has always kept her at arm's length, as it were. Yet, I daresay, to her tender nature the thought of approaching death is too terrible. She cannot face the inevitable doom; she lies awake and broods upon the approaching calamity. Poor child! if she but knew how baseless has been her dream of a father's love, how vainly her tenderest feelings have been wasted on a wretch who has not even the poor claim of kindred to her love!"

For more than an hour he waited, sometimes outside his patient's door, sometimes by Lucille's; but nothing happened to alarm him throughout his watch, and he knew the approach to the secret staircase was securely guarded. No intruder could reach Mr. Sivewright's room that night, at any rate.

Lucius went down-stairs at last, and smoked a cigar in the brewhouse while the detective took his round through all the lower rooms. Thus the night wore away, and in the gray dawn Lucius once more mounted the stairs, and paced the corridor. Again all was silence. This time he heard no sigh from Lucille. His heart was relieved by the thought that she was sleeping peacefully.

With the dawn—Aurora the rosy-fingered showing poorly at this east-end of London—he made his way back by the garden wall, the barges, and the wharf, and returned to his own abode, which looked sordid and cheerless enough beneath the pale light of newborn day—cold and dreary and poor, lacking the picturesqueness of a lodge in the primeval forest, and but slightly surpassing it in luxury. He laid himself down and tried his hardest to sleep, but the thought of old Homer Sivewright and his hidden enemy, the domestic poisoner, drove away slumber.

"I shall sleep no more till I have fathomed this mystery," he said to himself wearily.

But at last, when the sun was shining through the poor screen afforded by a calico blind, he did fall into a kind of sleep, or rather that feverish condition which is neither sleeping nor waking. From this state he woke with a start—that kind of shock which jars the nerves of the dreamer when his vision ends on the brink of a precipice, whence he feels himself descending to fathomless depths below. His forehead was damp with a nameless horror; he trembled as he rose in his bed.

It was as if a voice had spoken in his ear as he slept.

"What if Lucille were the poisoner?"

Great Heavens! how could so vile a thought shape itself in his mind? Yet with the thought there arose before him, as if it had been shown to him upon the open pages of a book, all those circumstances which might seem to point to this hideous conclusion. Who else, in that lonely old house, had the same power to approach the patient? In whom else would Homer Sivewright trust as blindly?

He remembered Lucille's agitation when he first hinted the possibility of poison—that whitening cheek, that sudden look of horror. Might not guilt look thus?

And then her emotion yesterday morning, when she had dropped lifeless at his feet? Could anything but guilt be thus stricken?

"O God," he cried, "I am surely going mad! Or how else could such horrible thoughts enter my mind? Do I not know her to be good and pure, loving, unselfish, compassionate? And with the conviction of her goodness firmly rooted in my heart, can I for one moment fear,—ay, even though circumstances should weave a web of proof around her, leaving not one loophole for escape?"

He wrenched his thoughts away from the facts which seemed to condemn the woman he so deeply loved, and by a great effort of will dismissed a fancy which seemed the most cruel treason against love.

"Does the evil one inspire our dreams sometimes?" he wondered. "So vile a thought could never have entered my head if a voice had not whispered the hateful suggestion into my sleeping ear. But there shall be an end at once of suspicion and of mystery. I will no longer treat Lucille as a child. I frightened her more by my hints and suggestions than I could have done had I told her the plain facts. I will trust to her firmness and fortitude, and tell her all without reserve—the discovery of the attempted poisoning, the robbery, the secret entrance of the man I watched the night before last. I will trust her most fully."

This resolve gave extreme relief to his mind. He dressed hurriedly, took a brief breakfast of his own preparation, Mrs. Babb the charwoman not yet having left her domestic circle to minister to his wants, and at half-past eight o'clock found himself once more outside the iron gate which shut in the chief object of his love. Mrs. Wincher admitted him with a solemn and mournful visage.

"Is there anything amiss?" asked Lucius anxiously.

"I don't believe there'll ever be anything more in this blessed house that isn't amiss," answered Mrs. Wincher obscurely, but with a despondent air that angred ill.

"Mr. Sivewright is worse, I suppose," said Lucius.

"Mr. Sivewright is much as usual, grumble, grumble—this here don't agree with him, and that there turns sour on his stomach, and so on—enough to worrit folks into early graves. But there's a deal more the matter than that this morning."

"For Heaven's sake, speak plainly," cried Lucius impatiently.

"Our missy is in a burning fever. She was heavy and lolly-like all yesterday afternoon, and her cheeks, that have been as white as a chaney teaplate latterly, was red and hot-looking, and she slept heavy and breathed short in her sleep, for I stood and watched her; and she moved about in a languid way that wasn't a bit like her quick light ways when she's well. But I thought it was nothink more than what you say yourself yesterday morning—want of rest. I should 'ave thought you might 'ave knowned she was sickening for a fever," added Mrs. Wincher reproachfully.

"Misfortune does not always declare itself so plainly. I could see that she was ill, and that was all. God grant the fever may not be very much, after all!"

"Not very much!" exclaimed Mrs. Wincher. "Why, when I took her a hearty cup of tea at half-past seven this morning, which was as soon as I could get my kittle boiled, she was raving like a lunatic—going on about her father, and such-like—in a dreadful way, and didn't recognise me no more nor if I'd been a stranger out of the street."

This was a bad hearing; but Lucius bore the shock calmly enough. Troubles and perplexities had rained thickly upon him of late, and there is a kind of stoicism which grows out of familiarity with sorrow.

"Take me to Miss Sivewright's room," he said quickly, "and let me see what is the matter."

"I've moved her out of the little dressing-room into her own room," said Mrs. Wincher; "me and my good gentleman carried the bed with her on it while she was asleep. I thought as how it wouldn't do for the old gentleman to hear her carrying on that wild."

"You were right enough there. Yet she was a faithful guardian, and your master is now in the power of his foes."

"Foes, sir? What foes can he have in this house?"

"The same people who found their way to the plate in the muniment chest might find their way to Mr. Sivewright's room," said Lucius.

"Lor, sir, how you do frighten one! But what harm could even thieves and robbers want to do to a harmless old man, unless he stood between 'em and the property?"

"I won't stop to discuss that question with you now, Mrs. Wincher. I shall have something to say to you and your husband presently. Have the detectives gone?"

"Yes, sir; but they're coming back the same time to-night. One of 'em left a bit of a note for you. It's on the kitchen chimleypiece. I'll run and fetch it if you like."

"Not till you have taken me to Miss Sivewright's room. Is she alone all this time?"

"Yes, sir; but she was asleep when I left her. She dozes off every now and then."

"She must have a nurse to watch her sleeping or waking."

(To be continued.)

AN IRISHMAN writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded a letter thus: "If I ever it's me good fortune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is so—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I lave Philadelphify."



## THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—  
Three words, as with a burning pen,  
In tracings of eternal light,  
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,  
And gladness hides her face in scorn,  
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—  
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—  
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—  
Know this—God rules the hosts of Heaven,  
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one,  
But man, as man, thy brother call,  
And scatter, like the circling sun,  
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—  
Hope, Faith and Love and thou shalt find  
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,  
Light when thou else wert blind.

## AN HUNGARIAN ROBBER.

Prince Frederic Schwarzenberg, the son of the celebrated Field-Marshal Schwarzenberg, used often to relate his encounter with the notorious robber Haburak. The prince once accompanied a lady from Hungary to Vienna. They journeyed on the mountain roads between the counties of Gomor and Torna. Heavy showers had greatly damaged the roads; evening approached; the tired horses had reached the ridge of the woody height, but could not be urged on further; and the travellers were thus compelled to seek shelter for the night in the inn of Aggtelek, a hiding place of ill note for robbers. The carriage halted before the house, and the servant inquired whether room could be afforded. The publican replied that there was one room for the lady, but that the gentleman could not be accommodated, the large guest-room being over-filled. After some visible reluctance, he owned that the gang of Haburak was drinking there. The lady became terrified, and entreated the prince not to remain; but it had grown dark, the rain was pouring down, the horses were worn out, and the steep ascent of the road was so dangerous, that it was most hazardous to proceed. The prince tried to reassure the lady; so she locked herself up in the room assigned to her. Her companion, wrapped in his white officer's cloak, under which he kept his pistols in readiness, stepped into the apartment where the robbers were assembled, and sat down at the table, facing the window, while his servant, likewise armed, kept watch outside the house close to the window, in case his master should want any aid. The company consisted of about ten or twelve men. Their rifles leaned against the wall; their axes lay upon the board, on which stood the wine jugs. They drank, sang, and talked over their adventures, and did not take any notice of the newly arrived guest. The prince mixed in their conversation, took wine with them, and listened to their conversation until it had grown late. Suddenly he rose, called the publican, threw a gold coin on the table, and said: "This is for the wine these gold folks have drunk; they are my guests. But now," he continued, addressing the robbers, "it is time to sleep. In the adjoining room is a sick lady: the entertainment has lasted long enough: I cannot allow any one longer to occupy this room, or disturb the lady's rest by noise." At this imperative command one of the robbers jumped from his seat, and contemptuously laughing, cry out, "Does the gentleman fancy that because he has a carriage and four, and plenty of money in his pocket, he has the right to command us?" An uproar ensued. The men vociferated: "We are poor lads, and therefore we are masters here." "We are no timorous peasants, who take off our hats to every gentleman." "We have yet money and credit enough to swallow a draught when we are thirsty." "We do not accept any gifts from people who fancy themselves better than we." "We will not be ruled." All this was simultaneously uttered, with a loud tumult, from all sides. All the robbers had got up. The prince had mechanically caught hold of his pistols, and threw off his cloak. "I am master of the craft in which you are but apprentices," he exclaimed with dignity. "You are robbers; I am a soldier: and fear neither the mouth of a rifle nor the edge of an axe." During this uproar, a man of middling height and strongly marked features had risen from the bench beside the stove, where he had quietly sat during the whole time, without partaking of the wine. He now said, in a commanding tone: "Silence!" The robbers grew speechless at this order, and again sat down to the table. "Mr. Officer," continued the man, "don't think that you frighten us. I, too, have been a soldier, and have most probably smelt more powder than you ever did. I am Haburak. If I desired to do you any harm, a single whistle would suffice. We never will disturb a lady's rest; we war with men, not with women. For the present we shall leave this shelter; yet remember, sir, that it is the first time for a fortnight that these men have been under a roof, and that the couch there below on the damp oak

leaves is by no means comfortable. Farewell! friend, let us go," he called to his men. They took up their arms and went. The prince was greatly struck by the whole proceeding. He did not entirely trust the robber's words; and relieving his servant, they paced up and down, thus keeping watch the whole night. On the morrow the lady continued her journey. After they had ridden about an hour, they suddenly heard the discharge of a rifle close to them in the woods. Haburak stepped forth from the bushes, and bid the coachman "halt." The horses stopped: the prince drew forth his pistols. But Haburak, without heeding his threatening mien, walked close up to the carriage-door, and said: "We yesterday sacrificed our comfort that the rest of this lady should not be disturbed. Now I will see whether it was worth the trouble." With these words he lifted the veil which hung down from the lady's bonnet, and looked for an instant into her face. The lady blushed, and the robber said: "She is really very pretty." He turned round, plucked a wild rose from a bush close at hand, and offered it to the lady with these words: "Accept this rose kindly as a keepsake from the poor robber Haburak; and if you some time hear that he has been hanged, pray an *Ave Maria* for his soul." The lady took the rose, and the robber vanished. Two years later, newspapers related that the robber Haburak had been caught; that he had been tried at the assizes in Torna, convicted of desertion and highway robbery, and hanged.

## PRONUNCIATION OF EITHER AND NEITHER.

Referring to what is said in "Words and their Uses" as to the best pronunciation of those words (*either* and *neither*), Dr. Hall lays down the law thus:

"On the contrary the analogy of *eider*, *height*, and *sleight* favors the pronunciations *i-ther* and *ni-ther*; and so *either* and *neither* are, perhaps, most frequently sounded by cultivated Englishmen and Englishwomen. And in what sense are these pronunciations a 'British affectation'?"

This complex didacticism divideth itself into three contingent particulars; whereof the first argueth from analogy; the second declareth a usage; and the third, by way of interpellate interrogation, denieth that the pronunciation *i-ther*, *ni-ther* is a British affectation. Now as to the first, it is the finest exhibition of what has been called brazen-facedness, then brass, then face, and then, by refinement and particularity of metaphor, cheek, that I, in the course of no small experience of that quality, ever confronted. For of these three words cited as the ground of an argument from analogy for the pronunciation of *ei*, the first is a foreign word as much as *sheik*, or *chamois*, or *nylghau*; and the second and third are anomalous exceptions, which have their pronunciation from their connection with *high* and *sty*. And these three words, thus in the very nature of things out of court, are among the very many in our language containing the syllable *ei*, all that have the sound of long *i*. There is not one other. Dr. Hall under these circumstances having produced these three, we may from that manœuvre judge with what degree of candor he deals. To the direct contrary of his assertion, there are but two analogical pronunciations of the *ei* in *either*; one, *ee*, the common and regular sound; the other *ay* (name-sound of *a*). There is besides, however, a colloquial abbreviation of these sounds. Of the first, like *deceive*, *ceiling*, etc., and of the second, like *eight*, *freight*, *heir*, *obedience*, etc., examples will occur to every reader. Of the third are *counterfeit*, *surfeit*, *foreign*, *leisure*, etc. There being thus positively and absolutely no analogical support whatever in the English language for the pronunciation of *either* and *neither* with the *i* vowel sound, what shall be said other than what I have said of Dr. Hall's "Bluffing" pretensions in that respect.

Next as to usage. Dr. Hall asserts that "so [with the *i* sound] *either* and *neither* are, perhaps, most frequently sounded by cultivated Englishmen and Englishwomen." *Valcat quantum*. The "perhaps" shows some doubt and a not unwise cautionary provision. On the other hand, I have said, not exactly to the contrary of Dr. Hall's assertion, but that persons of the best education and highest social position in England generally say *either* and *neither*. I let the assertion stand by the side of Dr. Hall's. As to orthoepical authority, which is of value no less as a record of the best usage than for its weighing of analogy, it is arrayed in a solid mass against Dr. Hall's position as to *i-ther* and *ni-ther*. For on the side of *either* and *neither*, without alternative, are, with three exceptions, all the orthoepists in the language.

## AN ARABIAN FABLE.

An Arabian fable narrates that an evil genius became enamored of the beautiful daughter of a bashaw of Bagdad. Finding her affections engaged, and that she would not listen to another wooer, the genius resolved to revenge himself upon the maiden by mastering the soul of her lover. Having done so, he told her he would remove the malignant possession only on condition that she should give him her heart. She promised. The lover was restored, and the wicked spirit demanded the fulfilment of her word. She answered, "I would yield you my

heart if I had it, but I have it not. One cannot give what one does not have. It is another's keeping; it belongs to the man I adore. Ask him for it. If he will surrender it, my compact shall be preserved. If he refuse, you have no redress, for you cannot twice possess the same soul, and your allegiance to Amaimon compels you to adhere by any covenant you may make with mortals."

The genius saw that he was foiled, and, roaring with impotent rage, disappeared.

The daughter of the bashaw was a very woman. She was a tactician. Woman, by her tact, has always been able to control her brother, and exercise the spirit of evil. The Eastern tale is as true to-day as when it was written. Give woman half a chance with the devil, say the Spaniards, and the devil will be outwitted. The argument of Eden does not disprove the aphorism. It was Eve's curiosity, not Satan's cunning, which undid her. Her most dangerous foe was within. Relieved of that, she would have cajoled the Prince of Darkness out of his gloom, and turned his mockery and sarcasm to the tune of tenderness.

## LITERARY PARTNERSHIP.

It was a happy hour that brought Addison and Steele together, and inspired them to form a partnership fraught with rich consequences to English literature. When the Spectator came to delight and improve society, it was something new to have humor without coarseness, satire without scurrility, wit without ill-nature, and great is the debt of gratitude owing to the twin revolutionists who did their spiriting so greatly and so well. Rich as that first of periodicals is in charming essays, pre-eminent among its contents stand the pages devoted to good Sir Roger de Coverly and his surroundings. Somehow, we always associate Addison's name with the genial old knight, loving, as one of his editors say, to be deluded with the notion that the whole was the work of one mind; but to Steele must be awarded the credit of creating not only Sir Roger himself but Will Honeycomb, Captain Sently, Sir Andrew Freeport and the immortal club, and some of the best Addisonian "bits" were actually due to Steele's genius. The "perverse widow," too, belongs to Steele, although she might have been originated by either of the partners, for both had sighed and suffered long, victims to the bewitchments of those exceptions to every rule; Steele lost his enchantress; Addison, more unlucky, gained his, and lived to think, if he did not say, like Weller, senior: "She was such an uncommon pleasant widder, it's a great pity she ever changed her condition; she don't act as a wife." Addison killed Sir Roger when the Spectator drew near its end; and—if Budgell is to be believed, which we do not think he is—justified the act by declaring that he did so to prevent any one else murdering his old friend.

THE SHAH'S SUBJECTS.—Persia has always been the home of vast numbers of those wandering nomad tribes who have chiefly been attracted thither by the abundance of meadow land and that large tract of country affords. There having no fixed habitation, and depending on their flocks and herds, they at one time settle by the immense valleys of the Kerman Mountains, at another time traverse the rich pasture land of the Caspian provinces. These nomads are divided into four races—Turkoman, Kurds, Luurs, and Arabs, and being governed by their own khans, are really independent, only being nominally subject to the Shah. Of the ten millions of inhabitants that people Persia, over one-third of these are nomads. The Turkomans are by far the most numerous, and are at the present day the ruling race, from whom the governors of provinces are always chosen. The nomads, still retaining the old habits peculiar to the tribe, are greatly addicted to robbery, and are ever ready to enter upon aggressive warfare. Though of a higher grade of civilization than those who live by hunting and fishing, they are inferior to those engaged in agriculture and manufactures; but their marked courage and independence of character distinguish them from either class. Their creed is that of the Sunnites, who are believers in the so-called Sunna, a collection of moral and legal tradition traced to the Prophet Mohammed. The other great class of inhabitants, that form by far the majority, is the settled population—the Yajiks, so called, who are descendants of the ancient Persian race. To them are confined the manufactures, agriculture, and the arts. From the fact of their being directly under the despotic authority of the Shah, they do not possess any independence of action, and perhaps from this has arisen their spirit of dishonesty, cunning, and servility. That fine culture which prevails so largely with us seems foreign to the Persians, and all their doings and their mode of living appear tainted with that barbarism which we can only truly understand in the case of uncivilized nations. A love of splendor has an amazing influence among the Persians, and in gratifying this spirit they will do much that is prejudicial to our feelings. Their houses, many of which are of earth and mud, bear a contemptible outward appearance, but surpass all magnificence within. Particularly are they anxious about their apparel; nothing, it would seem, is spared that would tend to add splendor to their dress, and everything that is costly is indulged in.

DEMOLITION OF LONDON CHURCHES.—Three more of the London churches have been doomed to destruction, and the *Globe* has the following concerning them: "All Hallows, Bread street, with its beautifully carved altarpiece, is of ancient foundation, for Walter de Sonnebres was instituted to the living in 1284. In the reign of Henry VIII, service at this church was 'suspended' for a month upon 'the falling out of two priests in it, and one drawing blood of the other.' They were both committed to prison, and on the 15th of October, being enjoined penance, went before a general procession, bare-headed and bare-footed and bare-legged, before the children, with beads and books in their hands, from St. Paul's, through Cheapside, Cornhill, &c. This church was burnt down in the great fire and subsequently rebuilt. Here Milton was baptized, and the register still preserves the entry of the event. An old bequest was made by one of the parishioners of £1 yearly, 'for a sermon, and ringing the bells on every 25th of July, in memory of the defeat of the Spanish Armada.' Laurence Saunders, the rector of the parish, suffered martyrdom under Queen Mary in 1555. 'There are,' says a recent writer, 'but few residents in the parish, which is chiefly filled with warehouses, nearly every one of which has a padlock on the door on Sunday. The congregation usually numbers nine.' The second church is that of St. Antholine, properly St. Antony, not the saint of Padua, nor Anthiolianus, the martyr of Auvergne, but Antony, the famed Egyptian abbot. The foundation is very ancient, for it was in the gift of the canons of St. Paul's in 1181. This St. Antony was said to be endowed with a divine preservation against fire. He founded an order of 'Eremites,' who lived upon bread, wine, and salt only, and wore a black habit, lettered on the breast with "T" in blue. These monks departed from the example of their founder, and became importunate beggars. In 1559 early prayers, with a lecture, were established, 'after Geneva fashion, and the bells began to ring at five in the morning. A gallery was added in 1610, and each of the fifty-two divisions was filled with 'arms of the kings, queens, and princes of this kingdom, beginning with Edward the Confessor, and ending with the badge and symbol of Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine.' In this church the commissioners who sent to Charles I., in 1640, from the Church of Scotland, used to preach, and 'curiosity, faction, and humor attracted crowds from sunrise to sunset.' The church was restored under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren in 1682. A grammar school in the parish, no longer existing, was once a rival to that of St. Paul's. The boys exchanged epithets of 'Antony pigs' and 'Paul's pigeons' (many of those birds being kept at St. Paul's), and usually fell from words to blows, with their satchels full of books, many times in great heaps, so that they troubled the streets and passengers.' The third of the marked churches is St. Martin's Outwich, or Otewich, from the name of the family that founded it and made over the advowson, with 'four messuages and seventeen shops, with their appurtenances,' to the Merchant Taylor Company, 'for the use of the poor.' This church is situated at the east end of Threadneedle street, 'by the well with two buckets, now turned into a pump.'"

A curious fact in natural history, important to tea-planters, has been discovered, namely that locusts will not eat tea-leaves.

Gen. Custar listened to a lecture in Duluth on the best manner of saving the Indians. He said the doctrine was good for the inside of a church, but no man could practice it on the plains and save his hair.

According to the Salt Lake Tribune, Brigham Young's new house will be one of unusual splendor. The Tribune says that it will be "one of the most gorgeous and costly buildings anywhere between sunrise and sunset."

The manufactory of starch from potatoes is the leading industry of some localities in Northern New York, Vermont and New Hampshire. The factories are small, employing no more than six men each and in operation only during the three last months of the year. The process is simple and water power is generally used.

Everybody should plan to have pleasant conversation at table, just as they plan for good food. A little story-telling, a little reading, it may be of humorous items, will often render the meal more beneficial. Avoid, if possible, going to the table "all tired out." Put aside troubles, and do not reprove servants or children, but think and say something pleasant. Let meal-time be a cheerful time, and the good result will be seen in improved health.

During the eight years that have intervened since the war, the South has raised and sent to market twenty-three million five hundred thousand bales of cotton averaging four hundred pounds to the bale. At seventeen cents per pound, the currency value of this vast product would amount to \$1,598,000,000, which is more than twice the entire greenback and bank note circulation of the country, and equal to three-fourths of the national debt.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.—The responsibility of educating their children is one that parents cannot escape. It is a task imposed on them by Divine Providence, and they may look to Him with confidence for guidance and aid. In short, they must educate their child, whether they choose it or not; for every action, every word and look, the very tone of the voice, and the round of ordinary daily events, which form the moral atmosphere in which he breathes, will influence him far more than the other lessons which he receives, however excellent.



# The Ladies' Page.

**FLORAL ORNAMENTS.**—Garlands have continued to constitute an essential part of bridal array, in all countries, though the flowers selected for this purpose vary. In Normandy roses find favor. When a man has little or no dowry to give his daughter, it is a saying there, that he will give her a chaplet of roses. In Italy the jasmine is the flower selected. In Germany, the myrtle wreath prevails, as in the classic days of Greece and Rome. It is a frequent practice for a young girl to plant a myrtle, and to watch and tend it, till the time arrives when she requires its delicate blossoms for a bridal wreath. Should she die unmarried, the same myrtle tree furnishes her *Todtenkranz*. It is considered extremely unlucky to present another with myrtle from a plant dedicated to one alone, either for life or death. The myrtle crown of the bride is frequently alluded to by German poets.

**SLEEP.**—Infants cannot sleep too long; it is well when they can enjoy a calm and long-continued rest, of which they should by no means be deprived, as this is the greatest support granted them by nature. A child lives comparatively much faster than an adult; its blood flows more rapidly, and sleeps promotes more uniform circulation, and facilitates digestion while a horizontal position is favorable to growth and development. Still sleep should be proportioned to the age. After six months, the time of sleep can be regulated. An infant should always sleep the whole night in preference to the day, and as it grows older, a few hours morning and afternoon; and, after a while, to sleep after dinner will be sufficient. After a child is four or five years old, its time of sleep may be shortened one hour every succeeding year, so that a child of seven will not require to sleep more than eight or nine hours.

**MILKMAIDS.**—Flanders and Holland are justly celebrated for their dairies, which are distinguished alike for cleanliness, good management, and rich produce. Dutch butter and cheese form no unimportant item in the commerce and comfort of the world. Milk, chemically and medically considered, contains those very ingredients, in the right proportion, which are requisite for the formation of blood, bone, sinew, muscle, tissue, &c., and it is in fact model food; so that a dietary, however made up, whether for youth or age, is wholesome and nutritious precisely as it bears an intrinsic relation to the component parts of pure milk. Man, if his life were led in a simple and natural manner, would thrive best on farm produce. Artificial drains on the nervous system, especially on the brain, call for artificial modes of compensation, and hence many forms and complications of disease are introduced; so that Carlyle was perfectly right, and in a deep sense too, when he said somewhere (we quote from memory), "The cow is the friend and ally of man, but the French cook is his natural enemy."

**BABY.**—The babies of Germany are not allowed as large a liberty as those of America. They are, for the better part of the first year of their earthly pilgrimage, tightly wound up in swaddling clothes, with both arms and legs pinioned, and carried about on a pillow especially made for the purpose. After they escape from their wrappings, a bag of feathers is tied on their backs, so that when they tumble over they have something to fall upon. Those of the poorer classes are laid in a basket, with a little bag of sugar in their mouths, and are expected to behave themselves without much further attention from mother or nurse. The nurses on the streets generally carry the babies in their arms on a pillow, and they are tied to it with pink ribbons, lying as still and motionless as if they were little mummies. They cannot kick or use their arms, and evidently they are not allowed to know, during their pining days, what their arms and legs are intended for. We don't think that our babies would stand it, as we observe that German ladies, when they come to America, don't attempt to practise any such tyranny on their babies.

**BAD AIR.**—There is reason to believe that not a few of the apparently unaccountable cases of scrofula among children proceed from the habit of sleeping with the head under bed-clothes, and so inhaling air already breathed, which is further contaminated by exhalations from the skin. Patients are sometimes given to a similar habit; and it often happens that the bedclothes are so disposed that the patient must necessarily breathe air more or less contaminated by exhalations from the skin. A good nurse will be careful to attend to this. It is an important part, so to speak, of ventilation. It may be worth while to remark that when there is any danger of bed sores a blanket should never be placed under the patient. It retains dampness and acts like a poultice. Never use anything but light blankets as bed-covering for the sick. The heavy, impervious cotton counterpane is bad, for the very reason that it keeps the emanations from the sick person, while the blanket allows them to pass through. Weak patients are invariably distressed by a great weight of bed-clothes, which often prevent their getting any sound sleep whatever.

**HOUSE-CLEANING.**—In cleaning a room, the carpet should come up first, not only because of the dust, but to give the floor all day to dry, not leaving it to be scrubbed last, as we have seen some bad managers do, and pay for it by influenza. Where the walls are papered, they should next be swept with a clean towel pinned firmly round a broom, if there is not a brush kept for the purpose. The ceilings of chambers are usually whitewashed; this is the next pro-

ceeding; and the walls scrubbed, if painted or hard finished. Then come windows and wood-work, in all things being careful to use as little sloop as will thoroughly answer the purpose. In cleaning wood-work, use little soap, but plenty of clean water, which will prevent discoloration. If dirty spots and patches are wiped off the year round faithfully, there will be much less need of scrubbing the boards bare in "house cleaning." Oak, or dark woods, now so much the fashion, need not be touched, with good care, more than once a year; frequent dry rubbing will answer every purpose. Spots of grease may be removed from unpainted floor by soaking and rubbing them with turpentine, and afterward washing it off with soap or pearlash. If they are inveterate, make a paste of a quarter of a pound of potter's clay, and the same quantity of pearlash, stirred into a quart of boiling water; spread a thick coat on the floor, and leave it ten or twelve hours.

**THE DIGNITY OF WOMAN.**—There is in particular, that soft dignity which belongs to women who are affectionate by nature and timid by temperament, but who have a reserve of self-respect that defends them against themselves as well as against others. These have a quiet dignity, tempered by much sweetness of speech and manner, that is the loveliest kind of all, and the most subtle as well as the most beautiful. They are like the lady in *Comus*, and seem to cast the spell of respect on all with whom they are associated. No man, save of the coarser fibre, and such as only physical strength can control, could be rude to them in word or brutal in deed; for there is something about them, very indefinite, but very strong withal, which seems to give them special protection from insolence; and a loving woman of soft manners, whose mind is pure and who respects herself, is armed with a power which none but the vilest can despise. This is the woman who gets a precise obedience from her servants without exciting it, and whose children do not dream of disputing her wishes; who, though so gentle and affable, stops short of that kind of familiarity which breeds contempt, and with whom no one takes a liberty. For this, one can scarcely give a reason. She would not ramp or rave if she was displeased, she would not scold, she could not strike; but there is a certain quality in her which we may not be able to formulate, yet which would make us ashamed to pass beyond the boundaries of the strictest respect.

**A MOTHER'S HOME.**—The most perfect home I ever saw was in a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served for a year's living of father, mother, and three children. But the mother was a creator of home and her relations with her children were the most beautiful I have ever seen. Even a dull and commonplace man was lifted up and enabled to do work for souls, by the atmosphere which this woman created; every inmate of her house involuntarily looked into her face for the key-note of the day; and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf which, in spite of her hard housework, she always found time to put by our plates at breakfast, down to the essay or story she had on hand to be read or discussed in the evening, there was no infirmation of her influence. She has always been and always will be a ideal of a mother, wife, home-maker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite tact had been added the appliance of wealth and the enlargements of wider culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it is the best I have ever seen.

It is more than twenty years since I crossed its threshold. I do not know whether she is living or not. But as I see house after house in which fathers and mothers and children are dragging out their lives in a hap-hazard alternation of listless routine and unpleasant collision, I always think with a sigh of that poor little cottage by the sea shore, and the woman who was the "light thereof," and I find in the faces of many men and children, as plainly written and as sad to see, as in the newspaper columns of "Personal," "Wanted—a home."

**WHAT MEN NEED WIVES FOR.**—It is not to sweep the house, and make the bed, and darn the socks, and cook the meals, chiefly that a man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cakes she has made; send him to inspect the needle-work and bed-making; or put a broom into her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quietly look after them.

But what the true man most wants of a wife is her companionship, sympathy, courage and love. The way of life, has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken with misfortunes; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him; and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some stern battles to fight with poverty, with enemies and with sin; and he needs a woman that, while he puts his arms around her and feels that he has something to fight for, will help him fight; that will put her lips to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart and impart new inspirations. All through life—through storm and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the need.

Yet many seek for nothing farther than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised

above measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing a nobler idea of marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

**WOMEN AS COMPANIONS.**—How the present sum of human wretchedness has accumulated, challenges conjecture; but that it is perpetuated by ill-assorted marriage is self-evident. If the peopling of the planet could be begun again, comparative contentment might be secured to the race by proper sexual adjustment. It is all the pleasanter to contemplate what might be, for the reason that the possibility must be hypothetical, and the deductions made to match the hue of our perceptions. Still, as mistakes arise from ignorance, and produce misery, whatever tends to prevent mistakes should be hailed with exultation. To marriage, many of us owe what we ought not to be, and would not be, could we help it. If we who are born out of parallel with nature, could have prevailed upon some of our ancestors—perhaps not very remote—to have found each other out before instead of after marriage, what incalculable gainers we should have been! We are wiser than they, of course, and might have given them valuable counsel; for, if not in advance of our own, we are certainly in advance of their time. That our advice was not asked respecting their connubial intentions, is purely our mischance. But then it is the same as to our advent into being. One of the inalienable and unattainable rights of every child is to decide for itself whether it wants to be born or not; and the establishment of this right will be the exordium to the millennium of individuality. The close companionship of some of our forefathers and foremothers would have enhanced our contemporaneous satisfaction, or, which might have been still better, have kept us in chaos. Life in itself is not desirable, and with an unhappy temperament, and surroundings which we have not power to change, is infinitely worse than no life at all. Since we are not in a position to have compelled the intimate ante-natal acquaintance of our predecessors, we may make some reparation to ourselves by striving to insure the early introduction to one another of persons impelled to housekeeping on the cooperative plan. It is never too late to attempt reform, and the fact that there have been so many indiscreet marriages, is a new reason for labouring in the interest of sagacious ones. Over the temple of Hymen should be written, "Know thyself, O man, and her thou wouldst wed, ere thou enter here!" The inscription can be obeyed only through companionship, which, continued with sympathy, must reveal that mutual knowledge whereon rests the quality of content. Communion of the sexes begets community of advantage and happiness, and transmits it to posterity for ever. We benefit succeeding generations more than we can tell by allying ourselves with Nature to procreative ends. The benison of congenial mating is reproduced for all time; it permeates the future as does sunshine space, descending through dimmest distance in favour and fertility.

## FASHION HINTS.

**GLOVES** were never in better taste than now; they are perfectly plain with the exception of the small gilt stud buttons, which are riveted in so that they cannot come off, and have no contrast in color in stitching or mounting. They fit miraculously well, and if of standard make are durable also. They are still worn long upon the arm, three to four buttons being the rule for day wear, four to six for evening.

New theatre, opera, and reception costumes are made very showy by the use of beaded trimmings, black and white, and "garniture" laces. The prettiest of these latter are "pearled"—that is, enriched with lovely round pearl beads many times larger than seed pearls. They are used upon pale pink, blue, and water green silks, and are exceedingly effective.

As yet, styles *decolletés* have not made their appearance; balls and receptions have indeed hardly begun, and dresses worn at the opera are either high or completed by a fichu of lace which covers the neck. The quaint, mediæval simplicity of the high, square neck, slashed coat-sleeves, and trailing skirt wins many admirers, however, and has been copied for a distinguished young married lady, in the richest materials.

Black velvet belts with old or polished silver-mountings are the most fashionable for house wear, and not unfrequently have nice silver chains pendant from the chateleine. To these are attached scent-bottle, small netted purse, note-book, keys, fan, silver fruit-knife, pencil-case, small hand mirror, and silver whistle, or perfume-holder. Besides these there is an engraved pendant attachment, from which the black enamelled watch, brilliantly jewelled, is suspended.

Buttons of steel, gilt, or old silver are now almost universal upon the pretty English cloth jackets worn in the street. They are used in profusion, and are particularly effective upon very dark purple and navy blue cloth.

Navy blue is undoubtedly the color of the season. So great is the demand for it that wholesale houses will only sell limited quantities of it, in silk, velvet, or cloth, and then not unless the buyer will take also several pieces of goods in less salable colors. The general ignorance, or color blindness, or both, is so great, however, that quantities of fabrics in different shades of purple are sold for navy blue, and the mistake is not discovered by either seller or buyer.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

**REMOVING PAINT.**—Chloroform will remove paint from a garment or elsewhere when benzol or bisulphide of carbon fails.

**A CURE FOR CORNS.**—Castor-oil should be applied to the corns after paring closely each night before going to bed. It softens the corns, which become as the other flesh. It will cure in time.

**APPLE CUSTARD PUDDING.**—Fill the pudding dish a little more than half full of quartered apples; add a little water, and stew until soft; then add a custard made of one egg to a quart of milk, sweeten to taste; bake one hour.

**RENDERING BOOTS WATERPROOF.**—Boil one quart of linseed oil with half a pound of Venice Turpentine, with which paint the leather frequently while warm, but not hot, till it will absorb no more. Afterwards apply any kind of blacking.

**RICE CAKE.**—1 lb. of ground rice, 1 lb. of white sugar (sifted), sixteen eggs (half the whites), the rind of two or three lemons grated the ingredients to be added by degrees, the eggs first. To be baked in rather a quick oven. I put 1 oz. of sweet and bitter almonds.—*Rosa*.

**TAPIOCA CREAM.**—One quart of milk, four tablespoons of tapioca, one cup of sugar, a little salt and three eggs. Soak the tapioca over night in one-third of the milk. In the morning let the rest of the milk come to a boil, then stir in the tapioca, sugar and yolks of eggs, boiling about five minutes. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add at the last moment and place on the ice. Flavor with almond.

**WORTH KNOWING.**—A scientific writer says: If half a pint of water be placed in a perfectly clear glass bottle, a few grains of the best white sugar added, and the bottle freely exposed to the daylight in the window of a warm room, the liquid should not become turbid, even after exposure for a week or ten days. If the water become turbid it is open to grave suspicion of sewage contamination; but if it remain clear it is almost certainly safe.

**CANARY PUDDING.**—Ingredients: The weight of three eggs in sugar and butter, the weight of two eggs in flour, the rind of a small lemon, three eggs. Mode of preparation: Melt the butter to a liquid state, but do not allow it to oil, stir to this the sugar and finely-minced lemon peel, then very gradually dredge in the flour, stirring the mixture well all the time, then add the eggs well beaten, mix well until all the ingredients are thoroughly blended, put into a well-buttered basin or mould, boil for two hours, and serve with wine sauce.

**TO ROAST A GOOSE.**—After the goose is prepared for roasting, fill it with sage-and-onion stuffing, and fasten it in securely at both ends by passing the rump through a slit made in the skin, and tying the skin of the neck into the back of the bird. Roast it before a nice brisk fire for an hour and a half if small; one hour and three-quarters or two hours if large. Keep it frequently basted, and when done remove the skewers, place it on a hot dish, and pour a little brown gravy round it. Send up some in a tureen. Serve with apple sauce.

**BOILED BEEF PLATE OR FLANK.**—Take a piece of beef flank, six or eight inches wide, and as long as you can get it. Sprinkle salt on, if fresh; prepare stuffing as for fowls, and spread over it; roll up very tight, and tie with strings to keep in place, as the heat will curl it. Then tie or sew it up in a cloth, and drop into rapidly-boiling water; cook several hours; the larger the piece, the longer it will take. Try with a fork. When done, lay between boards or in a pan, and put a weight on it, keeping the cloth on it still. When cold, it will slice beautifully and is excellent.

**APPLE BREAD.**—Weigh one pound of fresh, juicy apples, peel, core, and stew them to a pulp, being careful to use an enameled saucepan, or a stone jar placed inside an ordinary saucepan of boiling water, otherwise the fruit will become discoloured; mix the pulp with two pounds of the best flour; put in the same quantity of yeast that would be used for common bread, and as much water as will make it a fine smooth dough; put into an iron pan, and place it in a warm place to rise, and let it remain for twelve hours at least. Form it into rather long-shaped loaves, and bake in a quick oven.

**MULLIGATAWNEY SOUP.**—Take a shin of veal about 6 lb. weight, and make a thoroughly good stock; add a fowl cut up, which stew in the stock till tender; put a stewpan on the fire, with a piece of butter the size of an egg; chop a large onion and fry it in the butter, add the best pieces of the fowl neatly cut up, stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, add the soup by degrees (if lumpy, strain through a sieve), season with salt to taste; add a little lemon juice or vinegar, if agreeable, and one tablespoonful of curry powder; stew half an hour, and send up hot.

**HADDOCK.**—Take pretty large haddocks, which clean and wash; they will be firmer and better if they lie for a night in salt. When to be dressed, wash them and dry them. Cut off the head, tail, and fins; then skin them, cut the flesh neatly from the bone, and divide each side into two filets. Dust them with flour, dip them into beaten egg, and strew bread-crumbs over them. Fry them in a frying-pan, with a sufficiency of hot dripping or lard to cover them. Be careful that the dripping is not hot enough to scorch the fish. Turn the pieces carefully, so as to brown both sides, and when done, lay them before the fire on a drainer for a few minutes. Serve garnished with parsley and melted butter.



## HOW STRANGE IT WILL BE.

How strange it will be, love — how strange  
when we two  
Shall be what all lovers become!  
You rigid and faithless, I cold and untrue;  
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you;  
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to  
do;  
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent and  
worn through,  
And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!  
Ah, me!  
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes,  
Which makes me seem lovely to-day;  
When your thought of me loses its *couleur de  
rose*;  
When every day serves some new fault to dis-  
close,  
And wonder you could for a moment suppose—  
When you find I've cold eyes, and an every-day  
nose—  
I was out of the common-place way;  
Ah, me!  
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love—how strange when  
we meet  
With just a chill touch of the hand;  
When my pulses no longer delightfully beat  
At the thought of your coming, the sound of your  
feet;  
When I watch not your coming far down the  
long street,  
When your dear loving voice, too, so thrillingly  
sweet,  
Grows harsh in reproach or command;  
Ah, me!  
How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay  
Divided the weary day through;  
Or getting remotely apart, as we may,  
Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say;  
Or coolly converse on the news of the day,  
In a wearisome, old married folk sort of way!  
I shrink from the picture—don't you?  
Ah, me!  
How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,  
As so many others have done;  
If we let our love perish with hunger and cold;  
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its  
gold;  
If we choose to live wretched and died uncon-  
soled,  
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were  
told  
As happening under the sun!  
Ah, me!  
How strange it will be!

## THE PRAIRIE DUEL.

Fifteen years ago, when the Great West  
seemed to be much further west than it does in  
these days of railroads, that "belt all creation,"  
a remote patch or corner of one of the great  
prairies was counted by the few hunters and  
settlers occupying it as a district in itself, and  
they called it Little Elk Prairie. Among the  
half-wild characters who had built for them-  
selves hovels of driftwood and brush on this bit  
of rolling plain was a huge hulking fellow of  
mixed French Canadian, Indian, and negro  
blood, whose name was Bendbow Laval. A  
complete savage in appearance, his clothing,  
whether in summer or winter, never consisted  
of more than two garments—a ragged shirt and  
trousers, the material of which was rendered  
problematical by age and dirt. The mass of  
woolly, iron-gray hair by which his head was  
thatched was crowned by something that had  
once been a portion of a hat; and his immense  
stockingless feet were thrust into rude cowskin  
shoes, with holes cut in them to accommodate  
certain peculiarities of shape and pedal excre-  
scence. From his huge size and muscular devel-  
opment, Laval was more than a match for any  
one of the dwellers of Little Elk Prairie, none  
of whom were "chickens" as regarded phys-  
ical strength. Entirely devoid of education—for  
he did not know one letter of the alphabet from  
another—nevertheless the great coarse fellow  
had a sort of chivalry about him which might  
or might not have been derived from his share  
of French blood. His appreciation of the bene-  
fits and etiquette of duelling was intense, and  
he had more than once killed his antagonist in  
a fair fight. A much more dangerous man to  
deal with than Laval was Habakuk Sams, by  
origin a Yankee, as his name denotes, but a  
prairie man by predilection and long residence.  
"Hab," as he was called by the men of the  
plain, was a thin, wiry man of the middle age,  
with a brick-red complexion and very light hair.  
He was an excellent marksman, and had a rep-  
utation for courage, shown in encounters with  
Indians and bears; but he always preferred  
mild stratagem to skill or strength for the dis-  
comfiture of his foes. He had had several dis-  
putes with Laval, on the common basis of accu-  
sation that each was in the habit of stealing  
animals from the other's traps. This, in the  
code of the plains, is an unpardonable offence.  
Men caught in the act have frequently been  
killed on the spot, and when the offender was  
an Indian there are traditions of his having been

tortured before being put to death. Whether  
Hab Sams had ever defrauded Laval by purloin-  
ing fur creatures from the traps set by the  
latter never transpired. But that Laval was a  
fur-thief was established beyond a doubt when  
he was seen carrying to his hovel, one day, a  
black wolf, caught in a trap set by Hab, and  
which the latter had left there purposely to test  
the honesty of his rival. Hab's first idea was to  
fire upon the purloiner of his property, and so  
adjust the matter without any need of further  
reference or appeal. On further consideration,  
however, he approached Laval, and, taxing him  
with the theft, demanded restitution of his prop-  
erty or "reason why." "Take that, then,"  
howled the huge fellow, hurling the wolf with  
such a force at Hab that it knocked him down  
and sent him spinning a distance of several feet.  
In a moment Hab Sams had risen on one knee,  
and, taking aim at his antagonist, fired, but  
without effect, owing to the flurry caused by the  
suddenness of the assault. On proceeding to re-  
load his rifle he remembered that he had no  
powder; but Laval was in a similar predicam-  
ent, for all the powder in the place had been  
expended in a recent hunt, and they were  
awaiting the arrival of a messenger with some  
from the nearest trading post. Drawing their  
knives then, the two approached each other for  
a deadly conflict, which would have been an  
unequal one, however, owing to the superior  
strength of Laval, who was also a proficient in  
the use of the knife. Knowing how slight his  
chance was with such an antagonist, Hab Sams  
paused, and looking fixedly at Laval, said, "If  
you are a man, and not a cowardly sneak, you  
will fight it out with me in another way,  
and give me an equal chance of my life."  
"What way do you want to settle it, then?"  
said the other. "I'm as good as you anyhow,  
and ain't afraid to get square with you any way  
you please. Name your plan, and I'll go you  
even on it." "Well, then," rejoined Hab,  
"here's what we'll do, if you have heart enough  
to do it, as I have. Let's go to the place where  
the prairie dogs burrow, away over there. The  
rattlesnakes that live there are big, and unfail-  
ing with their deadly fangs. Let each of us  
choose a burrow, lie down in front of it, thrust  
his arm in to the shoulder, and wait to see  
which of us will die first. You're too white-liv-  
ered a fellow to fight it out that way with me,  
eh?" Fearful to back out from this horrible  
proposition lest his reputation for valor might  
become tarnished forever, Laval agreed to it,  
trusting that, if one only keeps still, rattlesnakes  
are not apt to bite. The matter was arranged  
as follows: They were to meet next morning,  
half an hour before sunrise, with one witness,  
who was to act as umpire for both. The burrows  
in which they were to place their hands were  
to be selected by this umpire, who was to see  
them properly and impartially placed. There  
they were to remain until the first ray of the  
sun beamed above the horizon, a few minutes  
before which it is the habit of rattlesnakes to  
crawl forth from their dens. The umpire was  
to notify them of the rise of the sun, at which  
moment they were to be free to go their ways,  
should they have escaped the fangs of the ven-  
erous reptiles. The honor of both was then to  
be considered as fully satisfied, and from this  
there was to be no appeal. It must have been  
a terrible time, that quarter of an hour before  
sunrise, to the victims of the etiquette with  
which the duello ever has been rendered roman-  
tic. Perhaps Hab Sams did not feel it so acutely  
as his rival, for reasons best known to himself.  
The first gleam of dawn now reddened upon the  
horizon, and at a word from the umpire Hab  
Sams sprang to his feet, expressing by a loud  
whoop his satisfaction at having come safely  
out of the terrible ordeal. Not so with his rival,  
who lay where the umpire had placed him mo-  
tionless as a log. On examination, it was found  
that he was in a death-like swoon, from which  
he was with difficulty recovered by the free use  
of whiskey. Sheer fright had got the better of  
the man's brute courage, and brought him to  
the brink of death. Hab Sams, as already  
hinted, had reasons of his own for preserving his  
equanimity of mind throughout the fearful or-  
deal. A little after sunset the previous evening,  
when the rattlesnakes had retired for the night,  
he took the precaution of stuffing a number of  
the dens in that part of the prairie agreed on for  
the rendez-vous with a sort of weed that is  
most noxious to the snakes, rendering them tor-  
pid for many hours, and unable to crawl or  
strike. This is how Yankee ingenuity triumphed  
over brute strength, and Bendbow was ever  
afterwards obliged to knock under to Habakuk  
Sams, when personal fortitude was the subject in  
hand.

## THE FORTUNE OF LAW.

I was chatting one day with an old schoolfel-  
low of mine, who, though young, was a lawyer  
of some eminence, when the conversation turned  
upon his own career.  
"People," he said, "give me credit for much  
more than I deserve. They compliment me on  
having attained my position by talent, and sa-  
gacity, and all that; but the fact is, I have been  
an extremely lucky man—I mean as regards  
opportunities. The only thing for which I real-  
ly can consider myself entitled to any credit is,  
that I have always been prompt to take ad-  
vantage of them."  
"But," I observed, "you have a high reputa-  
tion for legal knowledge and acumen. I have  
heard several persons speak in terms of great

praise of the manner in which you conducted  
some of your late cases."

"Ah! yes," he returned; "when a man is  
fortunate, the world soon finds fine things in  
him. There is nothing like gilding to hide im-  
perfections and bring out excellences. But I will  
just give you one instance of what I call my  
luck. It happened a year or two ago, and before  
I was quite as well known as I am now; it was  
a trivial matter in itself, but very important in  
its consequences to me, and has ever since been  
fresh in my memory. I had been retained on  
behalf of a gentleman who was defendant in an  
action of debt, brought against him by a brick-  
layer, to recover the amount of a bill, stated to  
be due for building work done on the gentle-  
man's premises. The owner refused payment  
on the ground that a verbal contract had been  
made for the execution of the work, at a price  
less by one-third than the amount claimed.  
Unfortunately he had no witnesses to the fact.  
The man denied the contract, alleged that no  
specification had been made, and pleaded final-  
ly, that if such contract had been entered into,  
it was vitiated by alterations, to all of which he  
was prepared to swear, and had his assistant  
also ready to certify the amount of labor and  
material expended. I gave my opinion that it  
was a hopeless case, and that the defendant had  
better agree to a compromise than incur any  
further expenses. However, he would not, and  
I was fain to trust to the chapter of accidents  
for any chance of success.

"Near the town where the trial was to take  
place, lived an old friend of mine, who, after the  
first day's assize, carried me off in his carriage  
to dine and sleep at his house, engaging to drive  
me over early next morning in time for this  
case, which stood next on the list. Mr. Tritten,  
the gentleman in question, was there also, and  
we had another discussion as to the prospect of  
his defense. 'I know the fellow,' said he, 'to  
be a thorough rascal, and it is because I feel so  
confident that something will come out to prove  
it, that I am determined to persist.' I said I  
hoped it might be so, and we retired to rest.

"After breakfast the next morning, my host  
drove me over in his dog-cart to the assize town.  
We were just entering the outskirts, when, from  
a turning down by the old inn and posting-house,  
where the horse was usually put up, there came  
running toward us a lad pursued by a man,  
who was threatening him in a savage manner.  
Finding himself overtaken, the lad, after the  
custom of small boys in such circumstances,  
lay down, curling himself up, and holding his  
hands clasped over his head. The man approa-  
ched, and after beating him roughly with his  
fist, and trying to pull him up without success,  
took hold of the collar of the boy's coat and  
knocked his head several times upon the ground.  
We were just opposite at the moment, and my  
friend bade him let the lad alone, and not be  
such a brute. The fellow scowled, and telling  
us, with an oath, to mind our own business, for  
the boy was his own, and he had a right to beat  
him if he pleased, walked off, and his victim  
scampered away in the opposite direction.

"The dog-cart was put up, and we presently  
went on to the court. The case was opened in  
an off-hand style by the opposite counsel, who  
characterized the plea of a contract as a shallow  
evasion, and called the plaintiff ashis principal  
witness. What was my surprise to see get into  
the box the very man whom we had beheld  
hammering the boy's head on the curb-stone an  
hour before. An idea occurred to me at the  
moment, and I half averted my face from him;  
though, indeed, it was hardly likely he would  
recognize me under my forensic wig. He gave  
his evidence in a positive, defiant sort of way,  
but very clearly and decisively. He had evi-  
dently got his story well by heart, and was deter-  
mined to stick to it. I rose and made a show  
of cross-examining him till I saw that he was  
getting irritated and denying things in a whole-  
sale style. He had been drinking, too, I thought,  
just enough to make him insolent and reckless.  
So, after a few more unimportant questions, I  
asked, in a casual tone—'You are married, Mr.  
Myers?'

"Yes, I am."

"And you are a kind husband, I suppose?"

"I suppose so; what then?"

"Have any children blessed your union. Mr.  
Myers?"

"The plaintiff's counsel here called on the  
judge to interfere. The questions were irre-  
levant and impertinent to the matter in question.

"I pledged my word to the Court that they  
were neither, but had a very important bearing  
on the case, and was allowed to proceed. I re-  
peated my question.

"I've a boy and a girl."

"Pray how old are they?"

"The boy's twelve, the girl nine, I b'lieve.

"Ah! Well, I suppose you are an affectionate  
father, as well as a kind husband. You are not  
in the habit of beating your wife and children,  
are you?"

"I don't see what business it is of yours,  
No! I ain't."

"You don't knock your son about, for exam-  
ple!"

"No! I don't. (He was growing downright  
savage, especially as the people in the court  
began to laugh.)

"You don't pummel him with your fist,  
eh?"

"No! I don't."

"Or knock his head upon the ground, in  
this manner?" (and I rapped the table with  
my knuckles.)

"No!" (indignantly.)

"You never did such a thing?"

"No!"

"You swear to that?"

"Yes!"

"All this time I had never given him an  
opportunity of seeing my face; I now turned  
toward him and said—

"Look at me, sir. Did you ever see me  
before?"

"He was about to say No again; but all at  
once he stopped, turned very white, and made  
no answer.

"That will do," I said; "stand down, sir. My  
lord, I shall prove to you that this witness is not  
to be believed on his oath."

"I then related what we had seen that morn-  
ing, and putting my friend, who had been  
sitting behind me all the while, into the  
witness-box, he of course confirmed the state-  
ment.

"The Court immediately decided that the  
man was unworthy of belief, and the result was  
a verdict for the defendant, with costs, and a  
severe reprimand from the Judge to Myers,  
who was very near being committed for perjury.  
But for the occurrence of the morning, the deci-  
sion would inevitably have been against us.  
As I said before, it was in a double sense fortu-  
nate for me, for it was the means of my intro-  
duction, through Mr. Tritten, to an influential  
and lucrative connection."

## CURIOSITIES OF SUPERSTITION.

Louis Napoleon in his will emphasizes the  
solemn declaration: "With regard to my son,  
let him keep as a talisman the seal I used to  
wear attached to my watch." This piece of feti-  
chism would appear to have formed yet another  
link between the imperial exile who has passed  
from our midst and those Latin races whose  
cause he affected to represent, whose supersti-  
tion he certainly shared. Indeed, the ancient  
Romans degraded a priest because his mitre  
fell, and unmade a dictator because a rat squeak-  
ed. Caesar crossed the Rubicon, because, on  
the opposite bank, he saw a man with a fine  
figure. His nephew felt confident of winning  
the battle of Actium, because he met a peasant  
of the name of Nicolaus mounted on an ass.  
Wolsey was warned of his doom by a crossier-  
head; Sejanus by a flight of crows. Dr. Johnson  
objected to going under a ladder. Montaigne  
avoided giving his left foot priority in putting  
on his stockings. Alexander was believed to  
have untied the Gordian knot with a slice of his  
sword. For good-luck's sake, Augustus wore  
some portion of a sea calf; Charlemagne some  
trinket of unknown value. Mohammed was all  
fate; Bonaparte all star and destiny. Cromwell  
believed in September 3, and Louis Napoleon in  
December 2. Sulla called himself Felix, the fa-  
vored child of fortune, and Timoleon turned his  
house into a temple of chance. Alexander, if we  
may credit the account given by Quintus Cur-  
tius, was terrified by blood flowing from inside  
his soldiers' bread during the siege of Tyre in  
332 B. C. His seer, Aristander, foresaw in this  
crimson efflux of the vital stream out of the  
commissariat a happy issue for the Macedonians;  
and the warriors took nerved took Tyre. From  
the year 1004, the alarming spectacle of the  
bleeding host and bread, as well as the bewit-  
ched bloody milk, several times in each century,  
gave simple folk a scare; thus, it was noticed in  
1264, under Urbain IV., at Bolsena, not far from  
Civita Vecchia; and Raphael has taken this for  
the subject of his picture called the "Miraculo  
de Bolsena," which is a miracle of the pencil. In  
1383, when Heinrich Von Bulow destroyed the  
village and church of Wilsnach, drops of blood  
were found eight days afterward on the host  
placed on the altar. But the victims of super-  
stition have the bump of casualty remarkably  
developed; and in 1510, thirty-eight Jews were  
burned to ashes because they had tortured the  
consecrated host until it bled. Again, the sight  
was seen on the Moselle in 1824; and in 1848 the  
famous Ehrenberg analyzed the terrible portent.  
After stooping with his microscope over the red  
stains on bread, cheese, and potatoes, this savant  
declared that they were caused by small monads  
or vibrios, which have a red color, and are so  
minute that from 46,658,000,000, to 884,736,000,-  
000,000, distinct beings adorn the space of one  
cubic inch. Unfortunately, when, in 1510, thirty-  
eight Israelites, as we have seen, were burnt to  
ashes, no scientific Ehrenberg existed to point  
out to their superstitious butchers that what  
they called a proof of the consecrated host being  
tortured until it bled, was merely due to aggre-  
gation of hungry red insects.

HAWAIIAN WOMEN.—In the girls' schools you  
will see an occasional pretty face, but fewer  
than I expected to see; and to my notion the  
Hawaiian girl is rarely very attractive. Among  
the middle-aged women you often meet with  
fine heads and large expressive features. The  
women have not unfrequently a majesty of car-  
riage and a tragic intensity of features and ex-  
pression which are quite remarkable. Their  
loose dress gives grace as well as dignity to  
their movements; and whoever invented it for  
them deserves more credit than he has receiv-  
ed. It is a little startling at first to see women  
walking about in what, to our perverted tastes,  
looks like calico or black stuff night gowns;  
but the dress grows on you as you become ac-  
customed to it; it lends itself readily to bright  
ornamentation, it is eminently fit for the cli-  
mate, and a stately Hawaiian dame, marching  
through the street, in black holaku—as the dress  
is called—with a long necklace, or le, of bright  
scarlet, or brilliant yellow flower, bare and un-  
trammelled feet, and flowing hair, compare  
very favorably with a high-heeled, wasp-waist-  
ed, absurdly bonneted, fashionable white lady.



MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

**CHEERFULNESS.**—Men seldom give pleasure when they are not pleased themselves; it is necessary, therefore, to cultivate an habitual alacrity and cheerfulness, that, in whatever state we may be placed by nature—whether we are appointed to confer or receive benefits, to improve or afford protection—we may secure the love of those with whom we have dealings. For, though it is generally imagined that he who grants favors may spare any attention to his behavior, and that usefulness will always procure friends, yet it has been found that there is an art of granting requests—an art very difficult of attainment.

**AN AWKWARD OCCASION.**—The most awkward occasion in a young woman's career, says Bilkins, is when she returns from the wedding trip, and for the first time invites her friends to breakfast in her own house. She feels that all eyes are upon her, and that inquiring minds are busy sifting the sweet mysteries of her new life. In the tumult of her emotions she pours the hot water in the sugar bowl, sweetens John's coffee with salt, scalps the butter with the sleeves of her morning gown, waters the toast from the waste bowl, burns her finger against the coffee urn, gets red in the face, and finally, unless she is a female of cast-iron resolution, bursts into a flood of tears, which all the pangs of several days' accumulated hunger are impotent to assuage.

**WORTH RECORDING.**—"My daughter keeps my farm accounts, sir; and she is as systematic and particular as ever my son was, who kept them before he left home. I tell you it does girls" (and he might have added boys also) "good to give them some responsibility, and set them to watching things about the farm and household. They learn, I find, economy by it, and soon discover that their old father is not, necessarily, a crabbed old curmudgeon, because he doesn't loosen his purse-string whenever they see something they happen to fancy; for they discover the real reason why the purse should not be opened." So said a progressive Kilkenny farmer, a kind, appreciative, proud father, and a big-hearted man on general principles. What he said is worth recording.

**INDEX OF CHARACTER.**—All the features give a hint concerning their owners' character, and the teeth should be studied in connection with the features. Regular white teeth, seen at once upon the mouth opening, but not projecting, nor always entirely seen, denote acuteness, truth, and goodness. Small, short teeth, which are seldom of pure white, denote strength; long teeth always imply weakness and want of spirit. Those which are firm and strong, whatever the color, denote strength and firmness. Foul teeth, traceable to uncleanness, show, therefore, a negligence of character. If the upper gum is much seen immediately on opening the mouth, it generally denotes dullness and coldness. In judging of teeth, however, we must remember that ill-health, the use of acid medicines, and smoking, materially alter and discolor teeth otherwise indicative of good qualities.

**METHOD IN WORK.**—Do instantly whatever is to be done; take the hours of reflection or recreation after business and never before it. When a regiment is under march, the rear is often thrown into confusion because the front do not move steadily and without interruption. It is the same thing with business. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily and regularly despatched other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion; pray, mind this—it is one of your weak points, a habit of mind it is that is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not filled up regularly, but is left to their own arrangement. But it is like the ivy round the oak and ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion.

**A FITTING REBUKE.**—There are many men in existence who deem it no harm to speak slightly of women; according to their idea, it is quite meet that the strong should assail the weak. One of these robbers of reputation received a severe rebuke on a recent occasion. At a dinner of which no ladies were present, this man, in responding to a toast, "Women" dwelt almost safely on the frailty of the sex, claiming that the best among them were little better than the worst, the chief difference being their surroundings. At the conclusion of the speech, a gentleman present rose to his feet and said, "I trust the gentleman, in the application of his remarks, refers to his own mother and sisters, not ours." The effect of this most just and timely rebuke was overwhelming; and the maligner of women was covered with confusion and shame.

**PROHIBITION NEEDED.**—Sing Sing convicts do not lack ingenuity, as has been proven by the discovery of a whisky still within the prison. For some time past convicts have occasionally been noticed to be under the influence of strong drink, but all efforts on the part of the official failed to elicit from them where the liquor had been obtained. A few nights since one of the convicts was found drunk, and in possession of a bottle partially filled with whisky. Next morning, to escape punishment, he revealed the fact that he obtained the liquor from one of the convicts named John Short, who was employed in one of the marble quarries. On searching the quarry, an ingeniously contrived still was found, where whisky was manufactured from potatoes, scraps of bread, tomatoes, corn and coarse meal collected from the stables. On searching Short, some six hundred dollars were

found upon his person, which he had collected from the sale of his whisky.

**A PRECIOUS VASE.**—The famous onyx vase, which Geneva feared had disappeared from the treasures of the late Duke of Brunswick, has at length been found. The executors were examining the contents of a case of jewelry, when their attention was attracted by two vases of gilded metal which seemed to be of little value. But, on examining these, it was found that one of them was much heavier than the other, and a joint in the stem had allowed some threads of flannel to pass. A longitudinal division was found to run down the whole length of this vase, which thus appeared to be merely a case for concealing something else. On the slit being widened, there appeared an onyx vase of marvellous beauty, in form like a tall urn, its slightly swelling body adorned with drinking scenes, and women in long robes conducting animals in chains. Material and workmanship make this vase a wonderful masterpiece. It is known to antiquaries as the "Vase of Mantua," and is regarded by them as a Semitic production, nothing less than the holy vessel employed in the consecration of the Hebrew Kings.

**THE ETIQUETTE OF BOWING.**—The *Home Journal* says that the etiquette of bowing is so simple that one would scarcely suppose it possible that difference of opinion could exist, and yet there are some who think it a breach of politeness if one neglect to bow, although meeting half a dozen times on a promenade or in driving. Custom has made it necessary to bow only the first time in passing. After that exchange of salutations is very properly not expected. The difference between a courteous and a familiar bow should be remembered by gentlemen who wish to make a favorable impression. A lady dislikes to receive from a man with whom she has but a slight acquaintance a bow, accompanied by a broad smile as though he were on the most familiar terms with her. It is far better to err on the other side and give one of those stiff, ungracious bows which some men indulge in. Those gentlemen who smile with their eyes instead of their mouths, give the most charming bows. As for men who bow charmingly at one time and with excessive hauteur at others, according as they feel in a good or bad humor, they need never be surprised if the person thus treated should cease speaking altogether. A man should also always lift his hat to a lady.

**LIFE** is full of sad surprises, especially to romantic people. It is so natural to expect poetical justice in this world, to believe that love wins love and kindness gratitude. In early life we stand waiting for these things to happen, as though they were fixed laws of nature, especially if we are brought up on poetry and take to romance as naturally as we do to bread and milk.

This waiting time is life's brightest part, for, alas! we generally wait in vain. We see the hero fall in the fight, though "God and the right" be written on his banner. We learn what Judas kisses mean, and see Love's sweetness, Heaven-born as it seems, turn to a curse upon the lips of the best and purest. Years of devotion have for their wages treachery and coldness. The wolf in sheep's clothing stands revealed to us. We learn that we must hide our best feelings, and repress our truest instincts, or be the laughing-stock of grinning fiends.

At last we turn and fly as best we can from the delusive hopes that led us onward once so gaily. Our surprises no longer come in those moments when we meet Treachery, Falsehood, Cruelty and Hypocrisy, but when Faith and Truth and Tenderness show their sweet faces; and, alas! they are but few. A tragedy is Life; a play that, when the curtain falls, leaves none un wounded.

**UNNECESSARY MAJESTY.**—Some women are constitutionally incapable of understanding anything like playfulness, and who can make no distinction between fun and impertinence, a laughing humor and taking liberties. They wrap themselves up in a robe of majesty, and resent as rudeness any homely touch which ignores their stately drapery. They are women about whose affairs you know absolutely nothing, though you may be their friend of a lifetime. You never hear them tell the most harmless anecdote frankly, but always with a severe air of mystery and something hidden; you never hear them discuss the least important subject freely. You would not dare to ask them, friends as you are, things which you would ask a comparative stranger without hesitation, and they never volunteer information. They would consider it a liberty, if you wanted particulars as to the treatment they had pursued in such or such a case of illness; and they are far too dignified to help the inexperience of their youngsters by their own acquired store. One often wonders what these women are as mothers with young daughters to instruct; and whether their dignity can unbend so far as to give lessons to girls who have everything to learn. They are so grim, so far removed from any of the kindly familiarities, the maternal tenderness of ordinary women, that it is hard to believe there can ever be moments in which, or persons to whom, they can condescend to be natural. Woe to the luckless man who has fallen into the power of such a woman! He has to expiate by a life of self-suppression for the one part, and of perpetual stumbling offence for the other, the terrible mistake he made in early youth, when a girl's cold self-possession was called by a finer word, and no account taken of the time when a just endurable characteristic would have become exaggerated.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

**THE ATLANTIC CABLES.**—The attempt of the Great Eastern steamer to lift and repair the Atlantic ocean cable of 1868 has failed, owing to stormy weather, and the great ship has returned to England. The work is postponed until next year. The fault has been located at a point not far eastward of the banks of Newfoundland. The cable was successfully grappled and lifted several times. A portion of the original cable, that of 1858, was brought up during the grappling operation and found to be in a fair state of preservation.

**NICOTINE IN TOBACCO.**—The *Centralblatt* gives a detailed account of Dr. Emile Heubel's experiments with nicotine. He asserts that nicotine is without doubt contained in tobacco smoke—its presence can be proved as well by chemical analysis as by physiological experiment; that during slow combustion the nicotine is to be constantly found in the smoke, a quantity of the alkaloid avyryng as the tobacco is or is not rich in nicotine, passing over in the smoke. This nicotine, says Dr. Heubel exists in tobacco smoke—for the most part, at all events—as a salt of the alkaloid; and the fact that nicotine spite of its volatility and easy solubility, is during the process of smoking by no means entirely or even for the most part, dissipated or dissolved, appears to have its solution in the circumstance that in tobacco smoke, as well as in tobacco leaves, that nicotine exists, not as a free alkaloid, but as a staple salt of nicotine.

**THE LIFE OF MAN.**—How graphically the varied aspects of the leaf picture the various seasons of man's life. The tenderness of its budding and blooming in spring, when that rich golden green glints on it that comes holy once a year, represents the bright beauty and innocence of youth, when every sunrise brings its fresh, glad hopes, and every night its holy, trustful calm. The dark greenness and lush vigour of the summer season portray the strength and self reliance of manhood; while its fading hues on the trees, and its rustling heaps on the ground, typify the decay and feebleness of old age, and that strange, mysterious passing away which is the doom of every mortal. The autumn leaf is gorgeous in colour, but it lacks the balmy scent and dewy freshness of hopeful spring; and life is rich and bright in its meridian splendour; deep are the hues of maturity, and noble is the beauty of success; but who would not give it all for the tender sweetness and promise of life's morning hours? Happy they who keep the child's heart warm and soft over the experiences of old age.

**THE EFFECTS OF WORRY.**—That the effects of worry are more to be dreaded than those of simple hard work is evident from noting the classes of persons who suffer most from the effects of mental over-strain. The casebook of the physician shows that it is the speculator, the betting man, the railway manager, the great merchant, the superintendent of large manufacturing or commercial works, who most frequently exhibits the symptoms of cerebral exhaustion. Mental cares accompanied with suppressed emotion, occupations liable to great vicissitudes of fortune, and those which involve the bearing on the mind of a multiplicity of intricate details, eventually break down the lives of the strongest. In estimating what may be called the staying powers of different minds under hard work, it is always necessary to take early training into account. A young man, cast suddenly into a position involving great care and responsibility, will break down in circumstances in which, had he been gradually habituated to the position, he would have performed its duties without difficulty. It is probably for this reason that the professional classes generally suffer less from the effects of overstrain than others. They have a long course of preliminary training, and their work comes on them by degrees; therefore when it does come in excessive quantity, it finds them prepared for it. Those, on the other hand, who suddenly vault into a position requiring severe mental toil, generally die before their time.—*Chambers Journal*.

**TWO INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.**—A journal of Bogota, publishes a letter of Don Joaquin Alvez da Costa, in which he states that his slaves while working upon the plantation of Porto Alto, Parahyba district, Peru, have discovered a monumental stone, erected by a small colony of Phœnicians who had wandered thither from their native country in the ninth or tenth year in the reign of Hiram, a monarch contemporary with Solomon and who flourished about ten centuries before the Christian era. The monolith bears an inscription of eight lines, written in clear Phœnician characters, without punctuation marks or any visible separation of the words. This has been imperfectly deciphered, but enough has been made out to learn that a party of Canaanites left the port of Aziongaher (Boz-Akaba) and navigated about the coast of Egypt for twelve moons (one year), but were drawn by currents off their course and eventually carried to the present site of Guayaquil, Peru. The stone gives the names of these unfortunate travellers, both male and female, and probably further investigations will shed more light on the records they have left. Another and more astonishing discovery, we find announced in *Les Mondes*. It appears that some Russian colonists, having penetrated into hitherto unexplored parts of Siberia, have found three living mastodons, identical with those heretofore dug up in that country from frozen sand. No particulars are given as to this, we fear, somewhat questionable find. From the statements of M. Dupont, of the Brussels Royal Academy, it would seem that, like the reindeer, the mastodon should

not now be extinct, and that the animal is naturally the contemporary of the horse, sheep and pig. Hence the announcement is not without some shadow of probability.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

WHAT is that from which, if you take the whole, some will remain? Wholesome.

THE man most likely to make his mark in the world—One who cannot write his own name.

THE daughter of an Indiana Congressman eloped recently, taking the old gentleman's back pay along with her.

WHAT is the difference between a sailor and a beer-drinker? One puts his sail up and the other puts his ale down.

SYDNEY SMITH being ill his physician advised him to take a walk upon an empty stomach. "Whose stomach?" asked the wit.

THERE is a strike among the doctors in one of the Swiss Cantons. The people are exceedingly rejoiced, and at last accounts all of them where in perfect health.

"To holdin a postmortim examinashun on a boss who afterwards recovered \$1.50," was one of the items in a horse-doctor's bill paid by an Oregon stock-owner.

"How does your husband get along?" inquired a friend of an undertaker's wife. "Nothing to complain of, thank the Lord, he had twelve funerals yesterday."

A BACHELOR at a banquet in Newcastle gave the following toast: "The women and coal of Durham county—O how desolate would the fireside be without them!"

A DUTCH Congressman remarked. "Ven I was elected I thought I would find all Solomons dow here; but I found dere was some as pick fools here as I was mineself."

A WESTERN genius has an idea which is an idea. He proposes to arrange church seats on pivots so the devout may more conveniently examine the toilets of those in the back seats.

WHAT relation is bread to a sewing machine?—The mother.—Why the mother?—Because bread is a necessity and a sewing machine is an invention, and necessity is the mother of invention.

AN editor, who indulged in a heavy life insurance, is said to be followed, whenever he goes a fishing, by several insurance agents, affectionately bearing life-preservers and sun umbrellas.

NINETEEN of every twenty persons who write a family letter, after closing with an injunction to "write again as soon as you can," tilt back and devoutly exclaim. "Thank heaven, that job is done!"

SERENADING is carried to such an extent in Bloomington, Ill., that the old people never think of going to bed without taking a loaded shot gun with them, and stuffing their ears full of cotton.

"DOCTOR" said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit and continued for half an hour without knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that, many people continue so all their lives."

THE young man who went West a few months ago has only sent one letter home. It came on Friday. It said. "Send me a wig;" and his fond parents don't know whether he is married or scalped.

To see how eagerly a human being will catch at a straw, it is not necessary to witness a drowning. The phenomenon is now manifested chiefly within bars, where one end of a straw is immersed in a tumbler.

"UNCLE JAMES, won't you perform some of those juggling tricks for us, to-night, that you learned in China?" "No, my dear; I'm not in the vein." "What vein, uncle?"—"Why the juggler vein, of course."

"I WISH you had been Eve," said an urchin to a stingy old aunt, proverbial for her meanness—"Why so?"—"Because," said the aggravating nephew, "you would have eaten all the apples instead of dividing it."

"WHAT'S your business?" asked a judge of a prisoner at the bar. "Well, I s'pose, you might call me a lock-smith." "When did you last work at your trade?" "Last night; when I heard a call for the perlice, I made a bolt for the front door."

"PA, what is the interest of a kiss?" asked sweet sixteen of her sire.—"Why, really I don't know. Why do you ask?"—"Because Cousin John borrowed a kiss last night from me, and said he'd pay me back some time with interest."

"MISS," said a gentleman, proffering his arm and umbrella to a young lady in a shower, "permit me to be your beau." "Thank you for your politeness," was the reply, "and as I have plenty of fair weather beaux, I will call you my rain beau."

OLD DEACON N—, having occasion to spend the night at an hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent the deacon from falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, and gave a hideous groan—and became silent. The deacon had thought the third person asleep until at this juncture he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank heaven, he's dead!"



## OUR PUZZLER.

## 171. SQUARE WORD.

1. The word that will commence by riddle  
Will name a kind of three stringed fiddle.
2. A scholar, and a disciple, too,  
My second plainly brings to view.
3. My central now to you will show  
A plant that does in India grow.
4. A word that's known to each schoolboy—  
It means to overthrow or destroy.
5. My last will name an ancient race;  
In history they claim a place.

## 172. MAGIC SQUARE.

Arrange the numbers from 1 to 36 in a square, so that each line, perpendicularly and horizontally, shall amount to 111.

## 173. PUZZLE.

More than reading or writing,  
All schoolboys delight in—  
At least, by their mirth they confess it.  
That little word make,  
Only one letter take,  
And a hundred to one you'll not guess it.

## 174. PALINDROME.

The title of address to a woman; a lake in Mexico; a castle in Morocco; relating to a civil life; a woman's name; a town in Suffolk; ancient ruins in Persia; a small horse; a river in Devonshire; to respect.

The initials and finals give the name of a large cotton manufacturing town in England.

## 175. CHARADE.

My first will give a number,  
My next an English town;  
And something that I hope you are  
For total please put down.

## 176. LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am in distress; beheaded, I denote mourning; again, and I am a kind of seed; transpose, and I am a fruit; again, and I signify to cut down; again, and I signify to cut thinly; restored and beheaded twice, and I am an animal; transpose, and I am a vegetable.

## 177. METAGRAMS.

## I.

Complete, I am an English town;  
But, if you change my head,  
Then I've no doubt you will own  
That I am a part of a house, indeed.

## II.

Complete to reach is seen;  
Change head, and then I ween,  
A kind of fruit you will see;  
Again, and a tree it will be.

## ANSWERS.

117. AUTHORS AND THEIR WORKS.—1. Charles Dickens—*Dombey and Son*; 2. Edmund Yates—*Nobody's Fortune*; 3. William Harrison Ainsworth—*Old St. Paul's*; 4. George W. M. Reynolds—*Mary Price*; 5. Laurence Sterne—*Tristram Shandy*; 6. Oliver Goldsmith—*The Vicar of Wakefield*; 7. Washington Irving—*Tales of a Traveller*; 8. Miss Braddon—*Lady Audley's Secret*; 9. Albert Smith—*The Pottleton Mystery*.

## 118. GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE—

L O P A T K A  
C R E M O N A  
L O C E R N E  
A M E R I C A  
P A C I F I C  
K A M C H I K  
B A V A R I A

119. PUZZLES.—I. VII = half of XII. 1. X(I)X; half = VIV and V taken away leaves IV or VI. 3. 91, add I and 2 = 9(1)/2 or 9½.

## 121. CHARADE.—Mother-in-law.

## 122. LITERAL CHARADE.—Bow Bells.

123. DOUBLE ARITHMOREM.—Sir Robert Napier, Oliver Goldsmith, thus: Saltinbanco, Irrational, Recant, Rshew Wolodimirov, OdyseE, Barrackpoor, Evening, RomeO, Tell NalaD, Aristophanes, Priam, IcenI, Extinct, RaleighH.

124. WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS.—1. Mary Howitt—*Jacob Bendixen*; 2. Anthony Trollope—*Orley Farm*; 3. Mrs. Gaskell—*Mary Barton*; 4. Charles Lever—*Barrington*; 5. W. H. Ainsworth—*Cardinal Pole*; 6. Mrs. Gore—*Heckington*; 7. Samuel Lover—*He Would be a Gentleman*; 8. Miss. Pardoe—*The Jealous Wife*; 9. Mrs. Trollope—*Uncle Walter*; 10. Bayle St. John—*The Levantine Family*; 11. M. W. Savage—*The Falcon Family*; 12. Mrs. S. C. Hall—*The Whiteboy*; 13. Thomas A. Trollope—*Lindisfarn Chase*; 14. Charles Clarke—*Charley Thornhill*; 15. Anna H. Drury—*Deep Waters*; 16. Lady Scott—*The Only Child*; 17. F. W. Robinson—*Woman's Ransom*; 18. Mrs. Grey—*Mary Seaham*; 19. John Mills—*The Belle of the Village*; 20. Captain Armstrong—*The Queen of the Seas*.

## CAISSA'S CASKET.

SATURDAY, NOV. 22, 1873.

\* \* All communications relating to Chess must be addressed "CHECKMATE, London, Ont."

\* \* We should be happy to receive a few unpublished two-move or three-move problems for "Caissa's Casket."

## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 19.

White. Black.  
1. Q. to K. 7th 1. Any.  
2. Kt. to Q. Kt. 3rd 2. Mate.

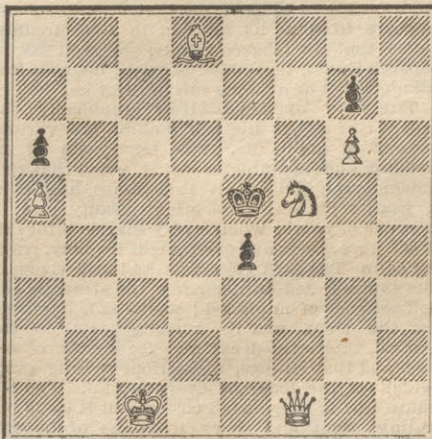
## SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. 20.

White. Black.  
1. B. takes Kt. (ch) 1. P. takes B.  
2. Kt. to Q. 8th 2. Any.  
3. Kt. mates.

## PROBLEM NO. 21.

By W. T. PIERCE.

## BLACK.



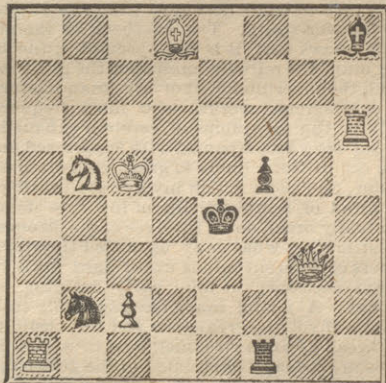
## WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

## PROBLEM NO. 22.

By DR. GOLD.

## BLACK.



## WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

## INSTRUCTION IN CHESS.

By "CHECKMATE."

## GAME NO. 15.

This week we give a couple more games in this powerful opening, varying on the original game:

## Ruy Lopez Attack.

White. Black.  
REV. M. ELLIS. REV. MR. SKIPWORTH.  
1. P. to K. 4th 1. P. to K. 4th  
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd

For a long time chess players doubted the soundness of this defence of the K. P. on account of the Ruy Lopez Attack, which was considered irresistible.

3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd  
4. B. to Q. R. 4th 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd  
5. P. to Q. 3rd 5. B. to Q. B. 4th

In Game No. 14 Mr. Steinitz here played P. to Q. 3rd. There can be little doubt the move adopted by Mr. Skipworth in this game is most to be preferred, as it materially strengthens his centre, and develops his game.

6. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd 6. P. to Q. Kt. 4th  
7. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 7. P. to K. R. 3rd

To prevent White offering to exchange his Q. B. for the Kt. now well posted at K. B. 3rd, by pinning it before the Q. and thus hampering Black's game.

8. Kt. to K. 2nd 8. P. to Q. 3rd  
9. P. to Q. B. 3rd

Efforts to break up Black's powerful centre.  
10. Castles. 9. R. to Q. Kt. 1st  
11. Kt. to K. Kt. 3rd 10. Castles.  
12. Q. to K. 2nd 11. B. to K. Kt. 5th  
13. P. to K. R. 3rd 12. P. to Q. Kt. 5th  
13. Kt. to K. R. 4th

Threatening to win the exchange. If White takes

the B. with P. Black takes Kt. with Kt. and wins Q. or R.

14. Kt. takes Kt.

He would have done better by retiring the Kt. to K. R. 1st.

14. B. takes Q. Kt.

15. B. to Q. 1st.

He could not push on his Q. B. P. on account of the dangerous move of Black's Kt. to Q. 5th.

16. P. takes P.

16. Kt. to Q. 5th

It is doubtful if this showy move is sound now.

17. P. takes Kt.

17. B. takes P.

18. P. to K. Kt. 4th

18. B. takes R.

19. P. takes B.

And White has won three minor pieces for his Kt. R. and P.

20. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd

19. K. to R. 1st

21. K. to R. 2nd

20. B. to Q. B. 6th

22. P. takes P.

21. P. to K. B. 4th

23. Kt. to Q. 2nd.

22. R. takes P.

24. B. to K. 6th

23. Q. to K. R. 5th

If he take the R. P., White wins the exchange by 25. Kt. to K. B. 3rd and 26. B. to K. Kt. 4th.

25. B. to K. Kt. 4th

25. Q. R. to K. B. 1st

Black is concentrating a powerful attack upon the Bishop's Pawn.

26. Kt. to K. 4th

Apparently his only good move.

26. K. R. to B. 2nd

The Bishop of course for the present is quite safe, for if White should take it, Black would reply at once R. takes P. (ch).

27. B. to K. 6th.

It would seem that P. to K. B. 3rd forms a successful check to Black's attack.

28. B. to K. Kt. 4th

27. R. to K. B. 6th

29. K. to Kt. 2nd

28. K. R. to K. B. 2nd

He might have played for a draw by moving B. again to K. 6th and done better.

30. B. to K. 3rd

29. B. to Q. 5th

31. Q. takes B.

30. B. takes B.

Of course P. takes B. would lose.

32. Q. to K. Kt. 3rd

31. R. to K. B. 5th

33. Kt. to Q. 2nd

32. Q. to K. 2nd

34. Kt. to Q. B. 4th

33. Q. to K. B. 2nd

35. K. to R. 2nd

34. Q. to Q. 4th (ch)

36. B. to K. 2nd

35. P. to K. 5th

37. B. takes P.

36. P. takes P.

And White soon resigned.

## GAME NO. 16.

Here is another of the games contested at the late Chess Congress at Vienna:

## Ruy Lopez Attack.

Black. White.  
BLACKBURNE. STEINITZ.  
1. P. to K. 4th 1. P. to K. 4th  
2. Kt. to K. B. 3rd 2. Kt. to Q. B. 3rd  
3. B. to Q. Kt. 5th 3. P. to Q. R. 3rd  
4. B. to Q. R. 4th 4. Kt. to K. B. 3rd  
5. Q. to K. 2nd

This is a mode of defending the K. R. not very often adopted and not generally liked, from the simple fact that it in no way aids to develop his Queen's pieces, and gives to his opponent an opportunity of securing a forcible attack. Observe how quickly Mr. Steinitz takes advantage of it:

5. P. to Q. Kt. 4th  
6. B. to Q. Kt. 3rd 6. B. to Q. Kt. 2nd

Threatening to win the K. P. by Kt. to Q. 5th.

7. P. to Q. 3rd 7. B. to Q. B. 4th  
8. P. to Q. B. 3rd 8. Castles.  
9. B. to K. Kt. 5th 9. P. to K. R. 3rd  
10. B. to K. R. 4th 10. B. to K. 2nd  
11. Q. Kt. to Q. 2nd 11. K. to R. 1st  
12. Kt. to K. B. 1st 12. P. to Q. R. 4th  
13. P. to Q. R. 4th 13. P. takes P.  
14. B. takes R. P. 14. P. to Q. 4th  
15. Q. to Q. B. 2nd 15. P. takes P.  
16. P. takes P. 16. Kt. to Q. 2nd  
17. B. to K. Kt. 3rd 17. Kt. to Q. B. 4th  
18. R. to Q. 1st 18. Q. to K. 1st  
19. Kt. to K. 3rd 19. B. to Q. R. 3rd  
20. Kt. to Q. 5th 20. B. to Q. 3rd  
21. Kt. to R. 4th 21. Q. R. to Kt. 1st  
22. Kt. to K. B. 6th

Very ingenious, but in all probability Kt. to K. B. 5th would have been better.

If 23. 22. Q. to Q. B. 1 P. takes Kt.  
24. Q. takes P. (ch) Kt. to K. 3  
25. Kt. to B. 5 R. takes Q. Kt. P.  
26. R. takes B. P. takes R.  
27. B. takes Kt. Q. to Q. 1.  
28. B. to R. 4 wins.

22. Q. to K. 3rd

The correct move.

23. B. takes Kt. 23. Q. takes Kt.  
24. P. to K. B. 2nd 24. R. to Q. Kt. 3rd

The winning move.

25. B. to Q. 5th 25. K. R. to Q. Kt. 1st  
26. P. to Q. Kt. 3rd 26. Kt. takes P.  
27. Kt. to B. 5th 27. Kt. to B. 4th  
28. P. to Q. B. 4th 28. R. to Kt. 7th  
29. Kt. takes B. 29. P. takes Kt.

He might have taken the Q., but this move leaves his opponent without resource.

30. Q. to B. 3rd 30. K. R. to Kt. 6th  
31. Q. takes R. P. 31. K. to K. 6th (ch)  
32. K. to K. B. 1st 32. R. takes K. B. P. (ch)  
33. K. to Kt. 1st 33. R. takes B.

And Black resigns.

White's game throughout furnishes a valuable chess study.

A PHILADELPHIA HOTEL.—A Philadelphia paper says that a project for a grand hotel, which has been set on foot in that city, embraces an idea which has not yet been realized in America. It is to erect a handsome, substantial fireproof building, capable of accommodating families, giving to each enough space to maintain its individual household as completely as though it were under a separate roof. It is proposed to erect a quadrangular building five stories in height, enclosing a large court-yard. The building is to occupy an entire square, to sit some distance back from the street, and to have four grand and a number of smaller entrances. The floors are to be set off into rooms en suite, so that a family may have its parlor, dining-room, drawing-room, bed chambers, bathroom, and kitchen. The arrangement provides not that each series of rooms shall be identical in size, but different, suited to the differing dimensions of families. It is believed that such a hotel would prove a good investment, as there are many families who spend at least six months each year in the country, and are compelled during that time to maintain expensive establishments in the city. The court yard would embrace a park, promenade, and square for carriages, to prevent encumbering the streets without. It is estimated that such a building capable of holding 2,500 people, and built of iron, would cost not less than three million dollars. The necessity for such a family hotel is apparent, and the leaders of the movement have determined to push the project to a successful realization. No site is mentioned as yet, the first object being to secure the means. Not much difficulty is apprehended on this point of the subject. A meeting of citizens will be held in a few days to put the scheme into operation.

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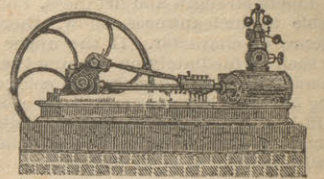
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